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SR / RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY AND DRUG REFORM

By John Lear

DON QUIXOTE AND THE BANDITS

Sources of Power in the Modern World

By Salvador de Madariaga

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College Place, Washington

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD INTERVIEWS HIMSELF

Cesare Siepi (Zaccaria) and Rosalind Elias (Fenana) in the first Metropolitan Performance of Verdi's "Nabucco" (see "Music to My Ears")

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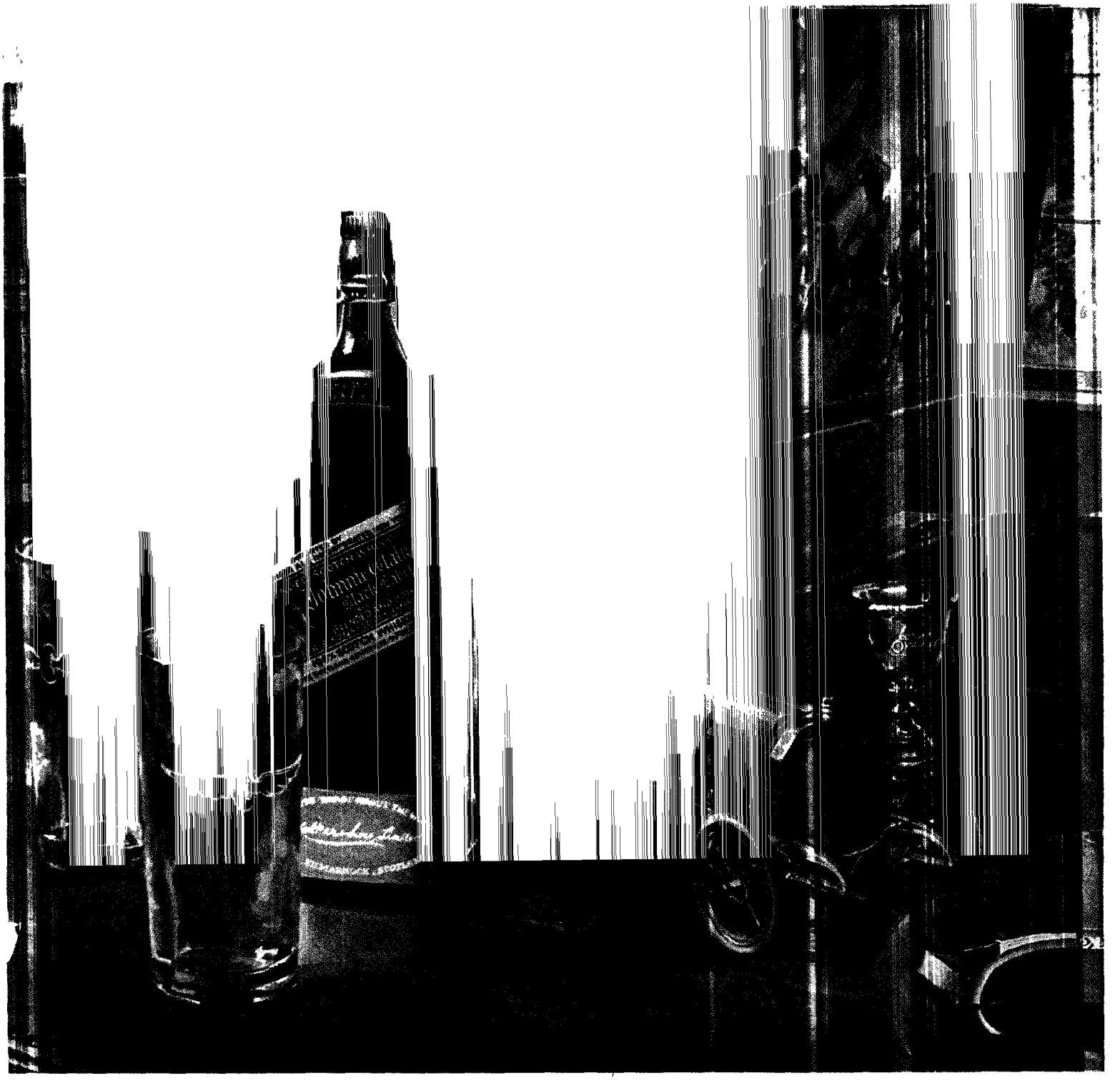

FROM THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

"Champion" by PETER HELCK

The Artist at the Wheel

Peter Helck has put a lot of nostalgia into this painting. There's the model of his beloved "Old 16." Peter owns the actual car—the huge Locomobile racer that won the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup. That's a replica of the Cup next to the car. Highball glasses hail from Indianapolis Speedway.

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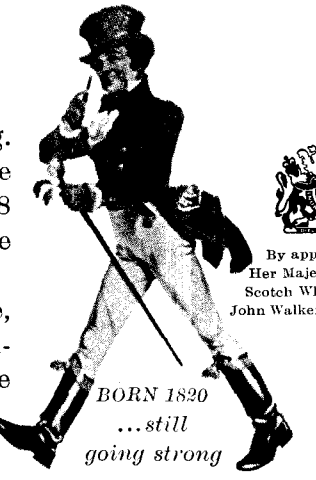

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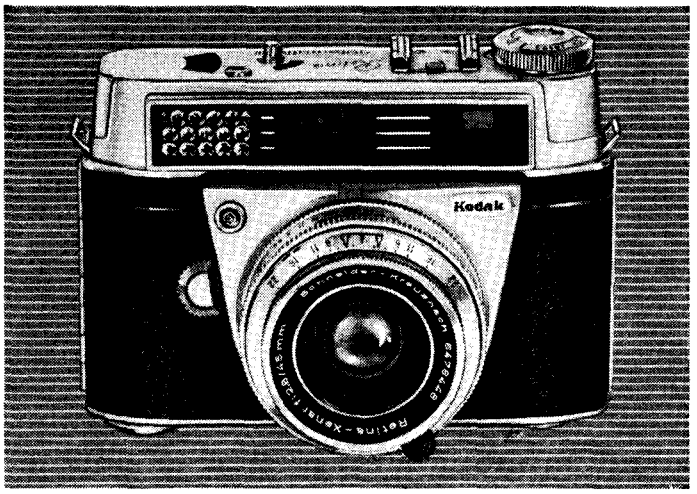

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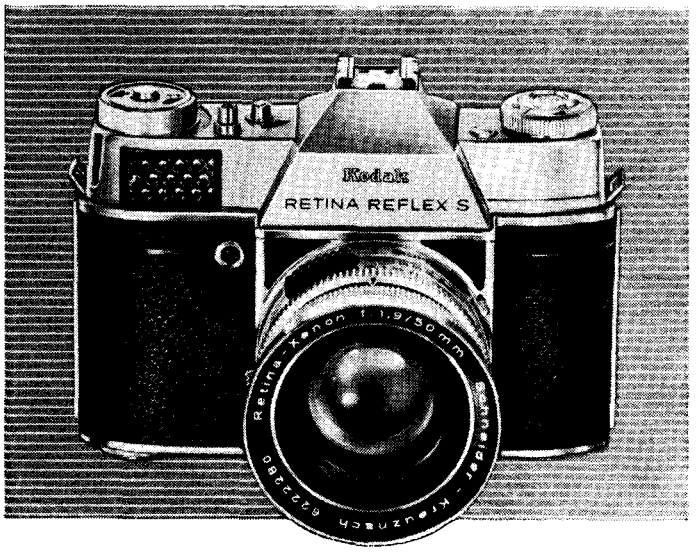

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(Advertisement)

While Riesman, Whyte, Galbraith, Wright Mills, Packard and other observer-analysts of American life have gone about their work, one man has been sitting quietly observing and analyzing *them*. The result, published this week in Eric Larrabee's book *The Self-Conscious Society*, makes very stimulating reading.

Larrabee, Managing Editor of "American Heritage," a former editor at "Harper's," and a frequent contributor to "Horizon," says that such critiques, some of which he admires, are characteristic in our society and have been since its beginnings. He points out that "We originated in an act of self-consciousness," that we exist in a "curious state of being aware of every breath and gesture but not quite certain what they add up to." We are, he writes, "a nation continually taking its own pulse." One result: "We live in a storeroom full of broken monuments."

The book, a short but deep one, has good sections on jazz and on children-worship and a brilliant piece called "The Imaginary Audience"—which should be required reading for every ad man, entertainer, and "Saturday Review" columnist who pretends to know who is out there. My favorite title, "Pornography is Not Enough," begins a chapter in which he suggests that the clamor over the love affairs of the Lady Chatterley and of Humbert Humbert may be a noisy coverup for something worse.

My only complaint is that I wish Larrabee would quote others less so that I could quote him more.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Self-Conscious Society ($3.50) by Eric Larrabee is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at The Old Corner Book Store, 46 Bromfield St., Boston 7, Massachusetts.

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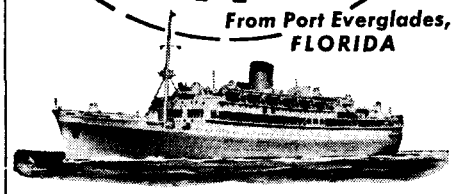

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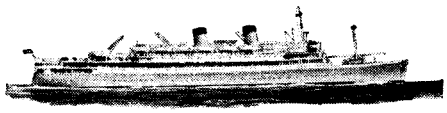

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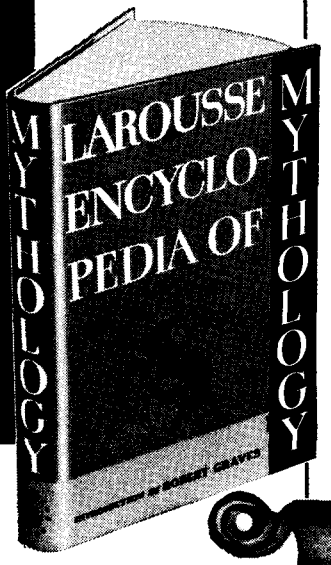

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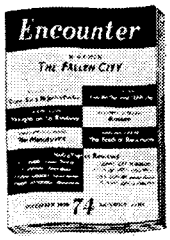

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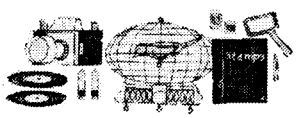

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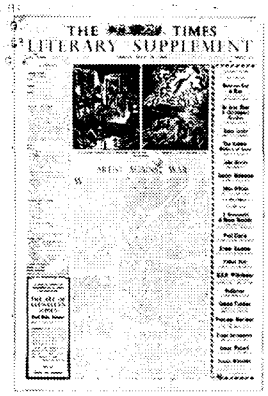

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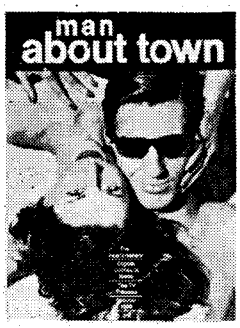

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

NEW YORK in October was a pretty confusing place to be. At one time, when Khrushchev, Castro, Nasser, Tito, Nehru, and Macmillan were all in town at once—and all going different directions in different cavalcades—it was extremely difficult to keep track of the proper attitude to be maintained toward each of them. Generally speaking, Khrushchev, Castro, and Nasser were roundly booed, Tito was greeted with stony silence, and Macmillan was cheered. As for Nehru, you never could tell. One day, as his cavalcade went by, a woman beside us started clapping loudly. Another woman glared at her. "What are you clapping for?" she asked crossly. "He's a neutralist." The woman kept right on clapping. "Neutralist or no neutralist," she said, "at least he's *trying*."

• • •

As far as the election was concerned, as it all came down to the wire—TV and otherwise—this, too, was trying. In fact, Gallup, Roper, the A.P., and the others to the contrary, it was apparent that these are the times that try men's polls. Actually, the most accurate barometer was not the professional pollsters—or even, for that matter, the Los Angeles gamblers; rather, it was the stock market. For people vote personally, emotionally, and often irrationally, but when it comes to their money they operate not on the basis of what they want to happen but what they think or guess *will* happen. And, judging by this yardstick, Kennedy was going to be elected. Furthermore, it was apparent that most people felt that Kennedy stood less for more inflation—hence higher stock prices—than he did for bigger government and smaller profits—hence lower stock prices.

• • •

As for people's feelings, it was almost impossible to tell anything. For, among other little-noted facts of strife, it was probably the most buttonless campaign in history. Whether this was due to lack of enthusiasm on both sides, or lack of wanting to stand up and be counted, no one could be sure. But one thing was certain. There were more husband-wife splits than in any previous election. We even ran into one couple, both of whom write columns, who were split—Mr. Bob Considine for Kennedy, Mrs. Bob Considine for Nixon.

Nixon was well in front with the press in general, but the biggest single press stir—editorial or column—was highly in Kennedy's favor. It was a column by Walter Lippmann, who first declared that Nixon was "a promise that we are going to have more of the very same passivity and weakness which we are now suffering from," then went on to say that, besides being "highly trained," Kennedy was "a natural leader, organizer, and ruler of men."

• • •

In view of the Kennedy strength, there was something almost unbelievable in the continued personal popularity of President Eisenhower. Obviously the public, Mr. Lippmann to the contrary, still believed that the troubles with America were real—but they refused to blame them on Mr. Eisenhower. Altogether, regardless of what happens between now and January, it is clear that no President in our history ever had a larger proportion of the

people and press behind him for a longer period—and conversely, never in the history of the country was any President leaving us with larger troubles.

• • •

Of the four TV debates, somehow the one that made the most impression on us was one we watched with our daughter and some teen-age friends of hers. One girl, from the Brearley School, turned her chair around and sat with her back to the television. We asked her if her eyes bothered her. "Oh, no," she said, "we're not supposed to watch them. The teacher said we shouldn't allow ourselves ever to be influenced by their looks."

Actually, in the TV debates, even the personalities of the candidates seemed to be rather different. As people who have met both men know, neither of them is without humor, but both men

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The man who invests his money invests his whole dollar—he *cannot* hold back part of it. The man who invests his skills has a natural instinct to deliver a full day's work for a full day's wages. However, conditions have been developing in many industries that virtually encourage an employee to hold back part of what he has agreed to deliver.

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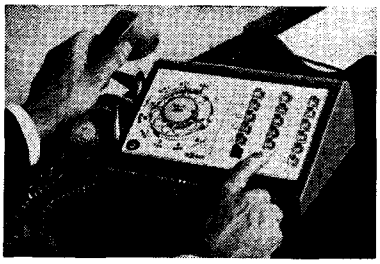

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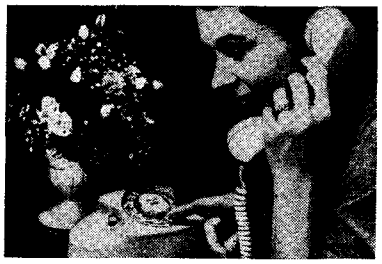

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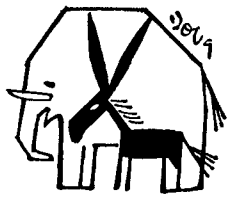
have obviously been told by their advisors that in times of crisis, and particularly in times of crisis with young Presidential candidates, the American public doesn't want humor. And it is a sad but true fact that, with the exceptions of Lincoln and Franklin D. Roosevelt, and perhaps Harry Truman, you can go down the list of the others—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Grant, Cleveland, Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover—and not find a humorist in the lot. And then, of course, staring both candidates right in the face were not one but two examples—Stevenson *vs.* Eisenhower in '52 and '56.

At the Al Smith dinner in New York, however, both Kennedy and Nixon did



break down long enough to let their humor show. "The worst news the Republicans have had all week," Kennedy said, "was that Casey Stengel of the New York Yankees was fired. It just goes to show you that past experience doesn't count." As for Nixon, he commented lightly on the fact that Castro had brushed off both Kennedy and himself as "beardless youths." I don't know about the Senator," he said, "but after that first TV debate, the makeup men told me I had the blackest beard since Sal Maglie."

Actually, on the baseball front, few things we can remember have exercised sophisticated New York as much as the unceremonious dropping of the ten-year pilot—a man who was, among other things, a top humorist. And though we listened to Dan Topping's private explanation—that everything was amicably settled until at the press conference Casey suddenly grabbed the microphone and said, "I've been fired"—somehow we don't think it really holds up. For ten years not only Topping but also George Weiss, Del Webb, and the rest of the Yankee brass have been going around believing that with their money they could hire anybody—notably Kansas City ballplayers—and also fire anybody. It appears, however, that when they took on the firing of Mr. Stengel they got a good deal more than they bargained for. For example, at the New York Society Library, of all places, a very sweet lady by the name of Miss Helen Ruskell has started a movement. The movement is a simple one—to boycott the very first game at Yankee Stadium next season. Certainly we can *all* wear buttons for *this.*

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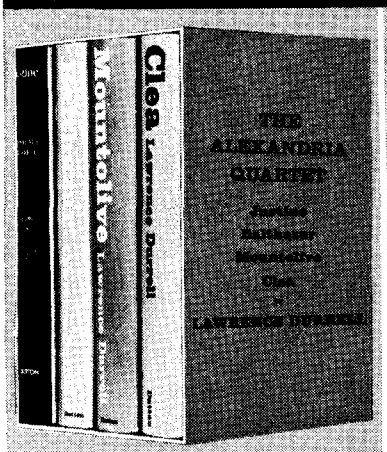

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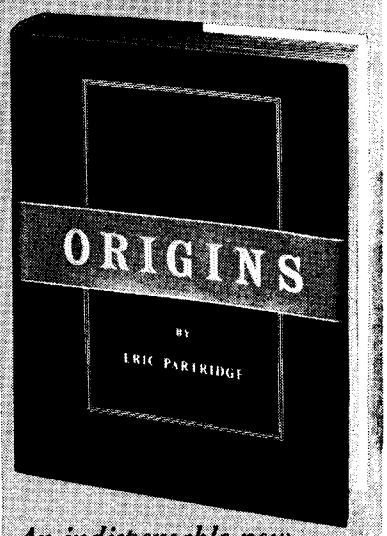

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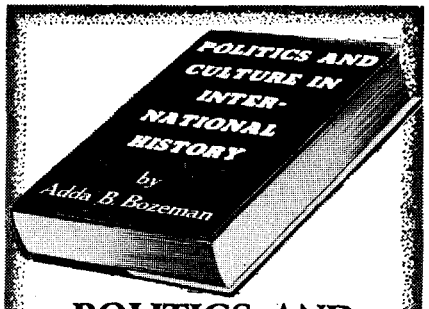

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TRADE Winds

THE WORLD seems to be filled with two kinds of people: those who get what they set out for, and those who don't. We've bumped into several over the past few days who have been lucky in this respect. They not only have got what they set out for, but many of them also have new books to go along with their luck.

UNTIL A FEW YEARS ago, Chuck Saxon faced an editorial job with a movie fan magazine, which he hated; daily commuting, which he hated; and practically no spare time to work on cartooning, which he loved. Now his new collection "Oh, Happy, Happy, Happy!" (Ridge Press) has just been issued. It's a volume of his cartoons from *The New Yorker*, and it shows the kind of work that has put him almost at the top of the heap as a social commentator.

Jim Geraghty, the man responsible for keeping *New Yorker* cartoons up to par, told us some time ago that Saxon

began coming to him with drawings that indicated obvious talent, but which were rejected on one or more of the many grounds that even *The New Yorker* can't quite define. But Saxon kept at it, resigned his job, and dived into the free-lance icewater in spite of Geraghty's sharp warnings.

Just recently, his three-page spread of cartoons under the title "The Day the Trains Stopped" became the talk of *New Yorker* readers, and may well have set a whole new style in the cartoon-as-a-social-commentary department.

In this vignette, Mr. Saxon showed by picture and caption what happened to representative commuters when the trains failed to run. Some played bridge, some complained, some went home to play with the kids. When we asked Mr. Saxon what *he* would do in such a situation, he said: "Tell you the truth, I'm damned if I know."

ANOTHER PERSON who gets what she sets out for is New York *Post* reporter Gael Greene, and she tells about it engagingly in her new book, "Don't Come Back Without It" (Simon and Schuster).

When we talked with Miss Greene recently, she was in the process of writing a novel and reflecting on the exposé series she did for the *Post*, including some sharp revelations about a nationally famous dance studio and an equally well-known reducing salon.

But at least one story she looked into turned out to be the real thing:

"I read about the AMA's approving hypnosis as a technique in reducing, didn't believe it, and set out to give it a whirl. And the darndest things happened. I suddenly developed a craving for sweets—but this in turn changed into a craving for meat and milk. And then I began having dreams about plain, ordinary salad. Result? I lost twenty-eight pounds."

HUGH DOWNS HAS COME a long way since he first stood in front of a microphone twenty-one years ago, and he puts it all down in his commentary on the television scene, "Yours Truly, Hugh Downs" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Mr. Downs has a serious, inquiring mind and an alert sense of responsibility. Furthermore, anyone who has worked with him can't help being impressed with his acute sense of fairness. About the only thing that can get him ruffled or incensed is injustice.

We worked with Mr. Downs some years ago on a series of NBC Television remotes throughout the country, and we hatched a plot to test this quality. Downs, due to arrive in St. Paul, was met at the airport by the local news manager, whom we had enlisted, along with a tough state trooper, in a benevolent conspiracy. The plot: The trooper would accuse the newsman of going forty-three miles an hour in a forty-mile-an-hour zone, and berate him mercilessly for this offense, until Downs would be bound to intervene on the side of justice. Then Downs would be immediately arrested for obstructing the law, at least until he was delivered safely to his hotel.

A battery-operated tape recorder took down the whole sequence. Downs, as an outsider and a passenger, sat mutely as the trooper pretended to tongue-lash the local newsman with accusations. Finally, Downs could stand it no longer. He said to the trooper: "May I ask a question?" With that innocent remark, he was booked for obstructing justice, and it wasn't until the trooper delivered him to his hotel

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with a handshake and a grin that Downs recovered.

"I was about to conclude," Downs said, "that there was *no justice* anywhere in the world."

RIGHT AFTER THE Khrushchev-Susskind meeting on WNTA-TV, we chatted with Ted Cott, the key man who has made this independent, non-network station a major force in television.

"I'm lucky enough to have a boss," said Cott, "who has a passion for the fresh, the different, the vital, the exciting—and who's not afraid. Also, thanks to Dave Susskind, we've been able to develop 'The Play of the Week,' the most mature dramas in television, plus his own frank program, 'Open End.' In addition, we've provided the best U.N. coverage possible, along with Alexander King, Mike Wallace, and sound news reporting and interpretation by the most experienced newspapermen in the business. Instead of programming parallel to the networks, we program in contrast. And I think the results have paid off."

Cott was not at all disturbed by the furor that was raised in some quarters by the Khrushchev appearance. "The mail has totaled three to one in favor of his appearance, and, if anything, it certainly ought to prove to the Russians that when we say this is a free country, we mean it. As a matter of fact, a Russian representative phoned Dave to see if he wanted to call off the show, and Dave told him absolutely not—everyone is allowed to express his own opinion in this country. The main complaints we got came from those who objected to the Radio Free Europe commercials which we ran during the show. These were intended to dramatize the fact that we weren't jamming anything Khrushchev wanted to say—but they just didn't work out that way, and I regret that we used them.

"We've heard some complaints that Dave wasn't really qualified to face Khrushchev alone. Nobody would agree with that more than Dave. He had planned to have the best newspapermen possible as a panel, but the Russians refused this, and Dave went ahead only after getting expert help on the questions."

THE FIRST QUESTION we asked Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield, in light of the neither-snow-nor-rain-nor-

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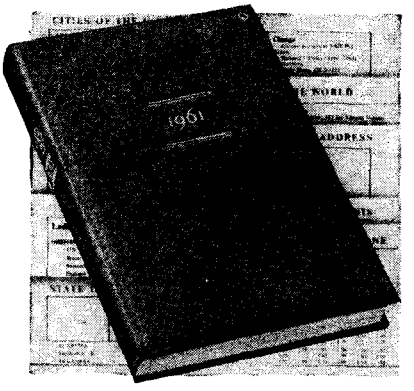
SATURDAY REVIEW

Executive Desk Diary



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—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, *Harper's*

In what is surely the most melodramatic, tragic, yet inspiring story of our age, Pulitzer Prize-winner Herbert Agar traces the unprecedented history of Jewish rescue and relief and the formation of a nation from the remnants of a scattered people. To tell this story in all its scope and dramatic detail, Agar turned to the activities of the American Joint Distribution Committee, whose brave effort has enriched the lives of countless people. Through the nightmare of Hitlerism it worked steadily to save what could be saved. And when the holocaust was over, the JDC was there to begin reconstruction, foster the infant state of Israel, and protect the victims of new oppression. Inevitably filled with horror and disaster, this history—written by a non-Jew—is a shining example of the will to survive.

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gloom-of-night tradition, was: "What happened in Westport, Connecticut, the day Hurricane Donna hit?"

"You might not have gotten your mail that day," he said. "But I'll bet you got it *very* early the next morning!"

As an admirer of post office service, we enjoyed reading Mr. Summerfield's new book, "U. S. Mail: The Story of the United States Postal Service" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). We were also fascinated to hear from Mr. Summerfield about some of the new gadgets that are just going into use.

"Just a week or so ago we inaugurated—for government mail only—a new facsimile service that opens the mail, photographs it, transmits it, reproduces it, and reseals it in a matter of seconds between Washington and Chicago," he told us. "Eventually, we hope to make this service available to the general public throughout the country—probably using an earth satellite to bounce the signals off of. No human eyes will read the contents of this Speedmail, as we call it, and you'll probably be able to get a letter in California the same day it's written in New York. Also, on October 20, we opened in Providence the first completely automatic post office in the world, which contains every mechanized device the mind can think of at this time. But you won't have to worry about unemployment: the 3 per cent to 5 per cent annual increase in the use of the mails will more than take care of the present level of employment, and we'll need every employee we have."

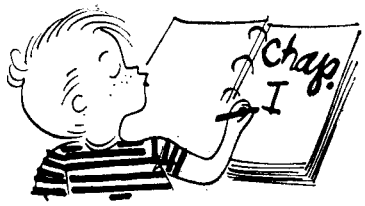
Mr. Summerfield concluded: "You can add two more items to the snow-rain-gloom slogan for the post office. Neither static—with the new electronic mail—nor politics in an election year will stop the boys from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

MR. SUMMERFIELD'S DEFENSE of the Post Office action in banning "Lady Chatterley" from the mails was interesting, if somewhat puzzling.

"I read the book," he told us, "and never in my sixty-one years have I seen anything written on a tank car, box car, or public wall that wasn't repeated in this particular book. I put paper clips on the pages containing some of these passages, called in the general counsel to define the laws of obscenity, and then made the decision to ban it from the mails myself.

"Right afterward, I invited a group of twenty Congressmen to my office, handed one of them the book, and asked him to read aloud any of the pages marked with a paper clip. He started to read—then had to stop. I passed the book around to several in the group, and none of them would agree to read any of the passages out loud. Then I asked them if they would give me an expression of their opinion: was the book obscene? Every single one of them agreed that it was, and backed me on my decision."

All the same, we can't help feeling that to ask twenty Congressmen to be the judges of what constitutes art and what constitutes obscenity is like asking Pablo Casals to pick an All-American football team or Casey Stengel to edit the complete works of Plato.



KYLE CRICHTON, who reflects on his creative and editorial career in his new book, "Total Recoil" (Doubleday), has writers on all sides of his family, including his four-year old grandson Rob Crichton, whose father, two uncles, and an aunt are all writers.

When young Rob told a neighbor that he was already getting set to start his writing career, the neighbor asked him what he was going to write.

"The Three Bears," said Rob, as he picked up a crayon to begin.

AS A TOPPING to his long and fruitful career in the Theater Guild, Lawrence Langner has just completed his new book on the art of playwriting, "The Play's the Thing" (Putnam). In it, he distills his practical experience as a playwright and his career as a producer of plays by such giants of the theatre as Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, S. N. Behrman, Maxwell Anderson, and Tennessee Williams.

When he consulted with Arthur Laurents about rewriting the new script, "Invitation to a March," Laurents defended every point by categorically referring to specific paragraphs in Langner's own book—and thus won the battle.

NO PLAYWRIGHT OR PRODUCER has yet found any rule that tells the exact point to stop rewriting, that point when rewriting takes the play on a long, slippery, downhill ride. We talked with Tad Mosel about this recently, on the eve of his rehearsals for his new play "All the Way Home," based on James

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THREE SCRIPTWRITERS FOR NOVEMBER

A poet, a novelist, a prime minister—and you as a voter—all share credits for November's television, along with hundreds of writers for stage, screen, newsroom, and rostrum . . . actors, actresses, directors...composers, lyricists...costumers, set designers . . . choreographers and photographers.

And part of the mile-or-so script is also the unrehearsed newsbreak, panel show, interview, and flying tackle. That's a clue to the logistics of television with its more than ten thousand hours of network programming in the broadcasting year and thousands more on your local stations.

A wide range of talent serves a wide range of interests—no doubt, including yours. There are more absorbing hours for thoughtful viewers of television than you'll find almost anywhere outside a library or campus.

Be sure to check your daily television schedule. Chances are you'll find programs like those listed here—as well as local broadcasts—that you won't want to miss.

In November

A FEW PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are current N.Y. time)

"What's the Proposition?"
A special pre-election study on how an indifferent electorate ratifies propositions by default, on "Close-up!"
Thursday, November 3 (10:30-11 PM)

"Presidential Countdown"
Friday, November 4 (9:30-10 PM)

"The Campaign—the Candidates"
Saturday, November 5 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Campaign Roundup"
Sunday, November 6 (2:30-3 PM)

Full Coverage of the Elections
Tuesday, November 8

"The Trapped Housewife"
A look into the demands made on the modern homemaker's time.
Thursday, November 10 (4-5 PM)

"The Influential Americans"
An on-the-scene report of new experiments in public school teaching.
Sunday, November 13 (9-10 PM)

"He Shall Have Power"
The institution of the American Presidency is examined on "Omnibus."
Sunday, November 13 (5-6 PM)

"Story of a Family"
Three generations of an American family are studied to determine the effects of changes during the last 60 years.
Monday, November 14 (7:30-8:30 PM)

"Macbeth"
Maurice Evans and Dame Judith Anderson star in Shakespeare's tragedy, filmed on location in Scotland and England.
Sunday, November 20 (6-8 PM)

"Big City 1980"
Second in series of four special programs on the age of technology, produced in cooperation with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Monday, November 21 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Those Ragtime Years"
A "Project 20" recreation of an exuberant American era.
Tuesday, November 22 (10-11 PM)

"Winston Is Back"
Winston Churchill returns to office as World War II starts. First in new documentary series based on the statesman's memoirs and speeches. Richard Burton and Hume Cronyn are narrators.
Saturday, November 26 (10:30-11 PM)

"The U-2 Incident"
Hard realism at a crucial time in American history, on "White Paper."
Tuesday, November 29 (10-11 PM)

"The Three Musketeers"
A two-hour dramatization of Alexandre Dumas' swashbuckling novel. Presented on successive nights in two installments.
Wednesday, November 30, and Thursday, December 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	Television Workshop
	College News Conference
	Chet Huntley Reporting
	Meet the Press
	The Twentieth Century
Mondays:	Face the Nation
Tuesdays:	Expedition
Thursdays:	Person to Person
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon.-Fri.:	Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.*

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE
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Agee's novel, "A Death in the Family."

"This is the hardest thing in the world to tell," he said, "in either television or the legitimate drama. After nine years of writing in television for shows like Philco, 'Playhouse 90,'

'Studio One,' I'm coming up to bat for the first time on Broadway, and I'm lucky enough to have Fred Coe and Arthur Penn as cleanup men. But actually—as with most of us in TV—I started with drama, at Yale, and with little theatres, and am now completing the cycle. I'm very excited, very nervous, and very happy."

WE'RE HAPPY THAT Chuck Saxon has his cartooning career, Gael Greene has her weight down, Hugh Downs has his book, Ted Cott has an independent stature in television, Mr. Summerfield has his new post office setup in Providence, Kyle Crichton has his writing grandson, Lawrence Langner has his playwriting theories, and Tad Mosel his first play.

But one little seven-year-old youngster in Bedford, New York, failed miserably in getting what he set out for. His family—strong Kennedy supporters—asked him to pick up some buttons at the registration headquarters while they registered to vote.

When they got to the car, he presented them with eight shiny Nixon badges.

"This is all they had left," he said.

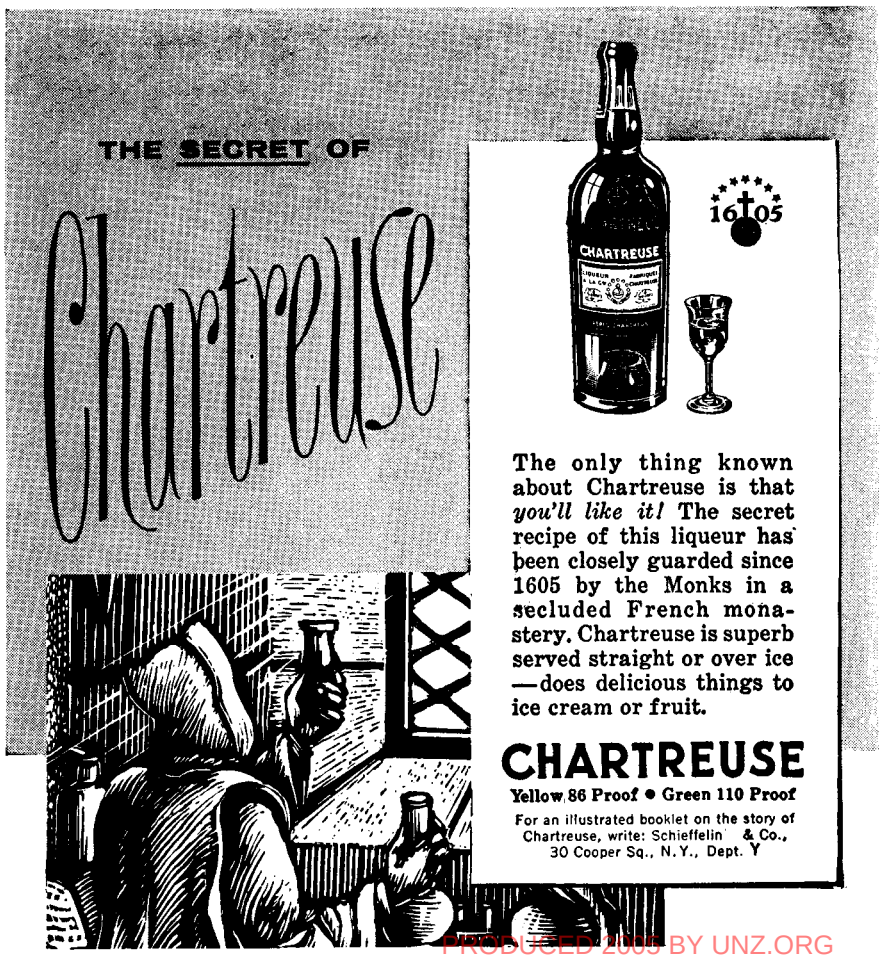
—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1388)

J. STEVENSON:
THE ARDENT YEARS

What Fanny* had was something unique, volatile, and mysterious. It worked in spurts, fading or flaring with violence and without warning. To tame it so that it came at its possessor's call was a task justly comparable to harnessing lightning.

*Fanny Kemble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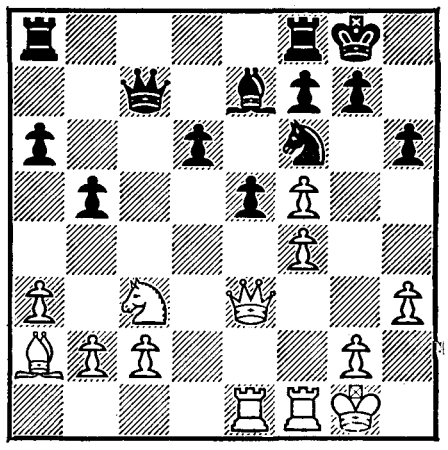
Chess Corner No. 43

WITH an impressive point tally of 41-11 at the fourteen-nation Students' Team Tournament at Leningrad, the U.S.'s contingent scored a formidable first-place victory. Soviet's 39½-12½ and Yugoslavia's 37-15 notched second and third, respectively. While the past president of the United States Chess Federation, Oklahoma's nonplaying captain Jerry Spann, ministered to our team's physical and emotional well-being and directed the inner strategy, the brunt of the over-the-board task fell to New York's brilliant William Lombardy. On first board, he amassed a total of 12-1 (two draws), crushing the Russian ace, Spassky, in a game replete with thrills. This is the first time in twenty-three years that an American team has taken premier honors in world competition. Stockholm 1937, Warsaw 1935, Folkstone 1933, and Prague 1931 were the scenes of the previous American world championship victories. Below is the Spassky-Lombardy debut.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

	Boris Spassky USSR White		William Lombardy USA Black	
1	P-K4	P-QB4	10 P-QR3	P-KR3
2	N-KB3	P-Q3	11 B-K3	N-K4
3	P-Q4	PxP	12 B-R2	Q-B2
4	NxP	N-KB3	13 Q-K2	P-QN4
5	N-QB3	P-QR3	14 P-B4	N/4-N5
6	B-KN5	QN-Q2	15 P-KR3	NxB
7	B-QB4	Q-R4	16 QxN	O-O
8	Q-Q2	P-K3	17 QR-K1	P-K4
9	O-O	B-K2	18 N-B5	BxN
			19 PxB	



The opening has been accorded a modern treatment. White appears to lead in development and exert unbearable pressure in the center. Black turns the table with one stroke.

19	.....	P-Q4!!	25	RxR	Q-R4!
20	QxP	B-Q3	26	N-B3	P-N5
21	Q-K2	BxRP	27	NxP	QxB
22	N-Q1	QR-K1	28	NxNch	PxN
23	Q-B3	B-B4ch	29	Q-B6	Q-B5
24	K-R1	RxR		Resigns	

—AL HOROWITZ.

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The UN vote which deferred the admission of Communist China cast a lurid light on Nixon's TV debate claim the day before that "Communist prestige in the world is at an all-time low and American prestige is at an all-time high." The US was saved from a humiliating defeat only because most of the delegates from the former French colonies abstained. Said one of them: "This is the first and last time we will abstain. Next year the vote will be against America." Then he added, in an unconscious echo of the campaign Senator Kennedy has been waging:

"We must face reality."

It is because Senator Kennedy has called upon his fellow-countrymen to face the realities of 1960—as in the question of Quemoy and Matsu—that we are urging you to vote for him and to work for his election.

These realities were plainly evident at the current session of the UN General Assembly. Mr. Khrushchev's rudeness and arrogance do not, as Mr. Lodge seeks to reassure us, arise from frustration. They come from his confidence in the growing strength of the Communist world, and in a future in which the balance of power will tip heavily against us. From the day of his arrival, he has forced us into a defensive position, on battlegrounds of his own choosing.

The US has been maladroit even in defense, belying the GOP claim to superior experience and "know-how" in world affairs. Since both the US and the USSR were on record as opposing a meeting between President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev, it required incompetence of a high order to place the US in the position of shouldering the blame. Yet the GOP team succeeded in doing so.

The debate on the Nehru resolution calling for a meeting of the American and Soviet leaders found the United States and its closest friends slugging it out with a majority of the Afro-Asian nations, while the Soviet bloc gloated from the sidelines. First, the vote on an Australian move to sidetrack the resolution put the US on the short end of a 45 to 5 tally. Then the US succeeded, by a series of parliamentary maneuvers, in watering down the Nehru resolution so that India withdrew it—but at a tragic cost. On the key vote, only South Africa of the 24 African members was with us, only 7 of the 21 Asian nations, and only 13 of the 20 formerly faithful Latin American votes. The decline of American prestige from its real all-time high under the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations stands out in these figures.

The UN proceedings plainly revealed the hollowness of the GOP slogan of "Standing up to Khrushchev." In a race for the future of the world, we cannot afford merely to stand our ground. Foresight, imagination, and forward drive are the qualities most urgently required. Since his historic speech on Algeria, Senator Kennedy has time and again shown his ability to move ahead of events, rather than let them catch him by surprise. By his tireless work for a bold and long-range economic assistance program, he has shown his determination to build the strength and independence of the free nations.

Senator Kennedy throughout his campaign—unlike Mr. Nixon—has identified himself wholeheartedly with his Party. And the record of that Party is an enduring asset to America in the world. Thus—to menton only one highly critical area—the memory of President Roosevelt and his "good neighbor" policy still glows in Latin America.

It is, indeed, the America of the "good neighbor" policy, the Marshall Plan, Point Four—and, we may add, the TVA—that we need to put once again before the world—the best America, for we can afford nothing less.

It is because Senator Kennedy stands for—and speaks for—America at its best that we urge you to join us in working for his election.

ROGER N. BALDWIN

SAMUEL H. BEER, *National Chairman, Americans for Democratic Action; Professor of Government, Harvard University*

REV. JOHN BENNETT, *Dean of Faculty, Union Theological Seminary*

EUGENE BURDICK, *Professor of Political Science, University of California*

JAMES E. DOYLE, *Madison, Wisconsin Attorney; Director, 1960 Stevenson Campaign*

THOMAS K. FINLETTER, *former Secretary of the Air Force*

REV. DONALD HARRINGTON, *Community Church, New York City*

HANS J. MORGENTHAU, *Director, Center for Study of American Foreign and Military Policy, University of Chicago*

ROBERT R. NATHAN, *Consulting Economist, Washington, D. C.*

REV. REINHOLD NIEBUHR, *Theologian and Author*

JOSEPH L. RAUH, *Attorney, Washington, D. C.*

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

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ABSTRACTION • The Painter and the World We Never See. Proper understanding of the principles which guided the old masters as a key to extreme moderns.

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COMPOSITION • Pictures as Structures. How perspective and related devices open picture space. Structural analysis of *The Last Supper*.

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VENUS REVISITED Classical Myths and Forms in Renaissance Painting. Pagan legends as treated by Leonardo, Botticelli, Raphael, Bellini, others.

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THE WORLD TRIUMPHANT • Baroque Art. From tempestuous grandeur to monumental simplicity. El Greco, Rubens, Caravaggio, Poussin, Rembrandt, Vermeer.

THE WORLD DIVIDING The 18th Century. Watteau, Reynolds, David and the artists who spoke for aristocrats, intellectuals and revolutionists.

THE WAR OF ILLUSIONS • The Classical-Romantic Conflict in the 19th Century that shook the exhibition rooms. Gros, Ingres, Delacroix, Turner.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD • Realism, Revolt Against the Salon and the Discovery of Nature headline the story of mid-19th-century painting.

SUMMER IDYLL • The Flowering of Impressionism produces loved and familiar painters: Renoir, Monet, Degas, Pissaro, Toulouse-Lautrec.

PAINTING IN TRANSITION • Precursors of Modern Art. Revolution and tradition in the painting of Seurat, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Henri Rousseau.

ACTAEON AND THE ATOM • Art in the Contemporary World. Current extremists and the old masters of the modern tradition. Picasso to Pollock.

THE IDEA: A well-rounded and comprehensive course of lectures in which the whole family can participate...separately or together... husband and wife, parent and teen-age child...you learn by comparison among 288 large full-color prints of great works covering 2500 years of Western painting.

MANY OTHERWISE CULTIVATED PERSONS seem to have a blind spot with respect to painting. They can stand before a famous or respected work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about" – and frequently they are unsure of that. If asked to comment, they are tongue-tied and embarrassed. They seem to be cut off from a rare form of pleasure they surely ought to be able to enjoy as much as other people.

WHAT IS WRONG? Can it be that the art of painting is something of a mystery? Indeed, it is not. Any person who suffers from this sense of bafflement has usually been without guidance as to what to look for in paintings. Either he has never had an opportunity to take a university course in the subject, or he has never found it convenient to attend clarifying lecture courses at a museum because of sheer lack of time.

LEARNING BY COMPARISON AMONG PAINTINGS Both in content and method these lessons constitute something unique in the field of art education. Each lesson comes in the form of a portfolio, the core of which is the lecture. But in each portfolio is a capacious pocket containing twelve large, beautifully printed reproductions. *These pictures are provided separately so that they can be compared side by side with one another,* in order to clarify whatever points the lecture aims to illuminate. Thus they serve the same function as colored reproductions thrown upon a screen in a lecture hall. They have a great advantage, however: they can be studied as long as one wants, and can be referred to over and over again. Another great advantage is that members of a family can conveniently "take the course" either separately or

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a sensible idea: ASSISTED SELF-EDUCATION

THE HISTORY OF ART

IN THE HOME

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

simultaneously — husband and wife, parent and teen-age child. Reading each portfolio aloud, and examining the reproductions together, is like visiting a museum together, pointing out to one another something to be appreciated and enjoyed.

UNIQUE APPROACH • The usual method of teaching art is to begin at once by conveying the student through a chronological history of painting, assuming that he will pick up along the way the general principles needed for full understanding. The Metropolitan Museum Seminars concentrate first on clarifying the basic principles, so that the layman can formulate *his own informed opinion* of every work of art he may ever see. Only then is the panorama of Western painting unfolded, beginning with prehistoric painting and continuing to the "modern art" of today.

A REMARKABLE RECORD OF SUCCESS • This fresh approach to art education was launched experimentally about two years ago under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club. To make sure that the method of instruction was sound the Museum first allowed twenty-five thousand persons— scattered over the country—to take the first lesson without obligation, under the simple plan outlined on the enrollment card. *Ninety-six per-cent continued with the course.* This would be an extraordinary percentage for any series of personally attended art seminars in any museum.

HOW THE COURSE OPERATES • The subscriber receives the Home Seminars consecutively — one every thirty days. The price of each portfolio is $3.75 (plus a small charge for mailing expense). This price includes the twelve separate full-color reproductions which come with each portfolio. In most retail stores a set of twelve comparable reproductions would ordinarily be priced at anywhere from $4 to $7.50. All together there are 288 such color prints.

SUBSCRIBERS MAY STOP WHEN THEY WANT Although the individual portfolios are sent out at four-week intervals, subscribers may take the course at whatever rate they choose and as their own time or circumstances dictate. Nor is any subscriber obliged to continue through the entire course. He may stop at any point.

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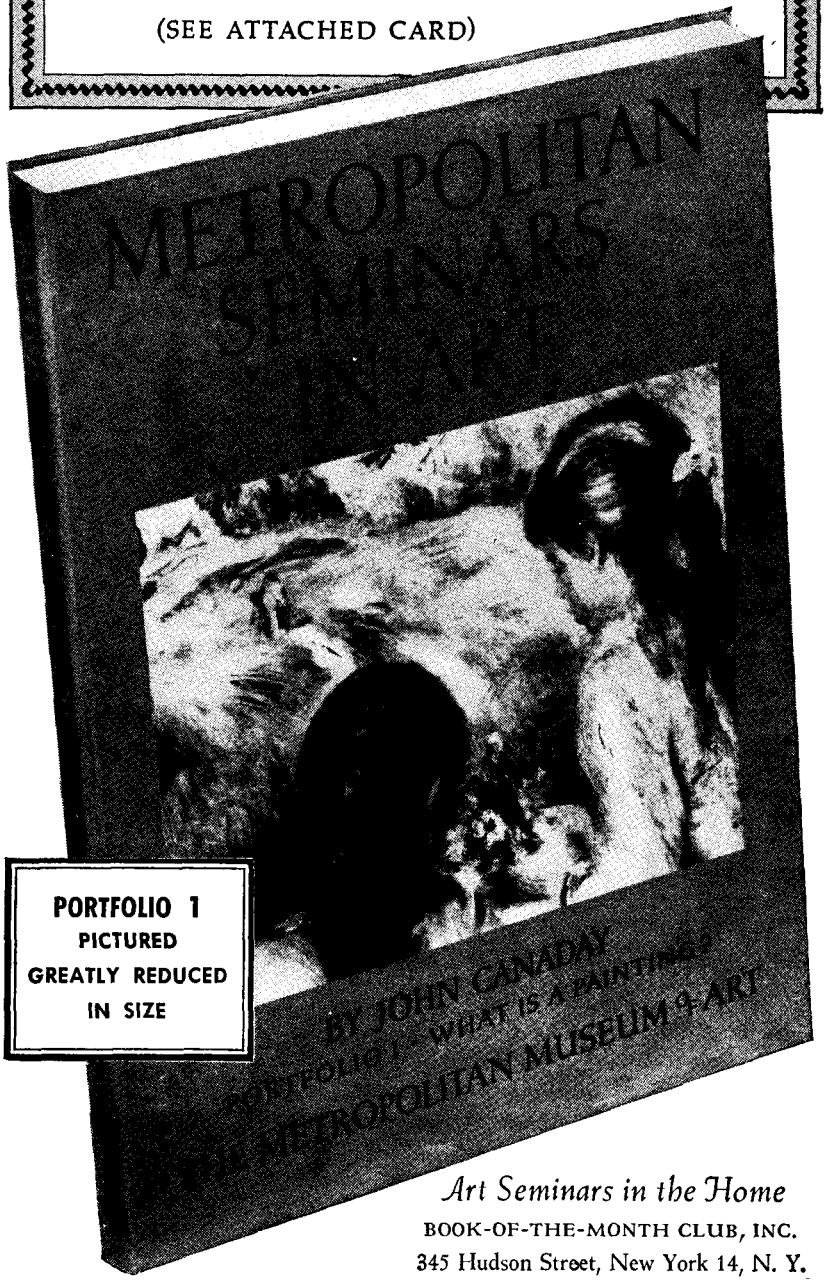

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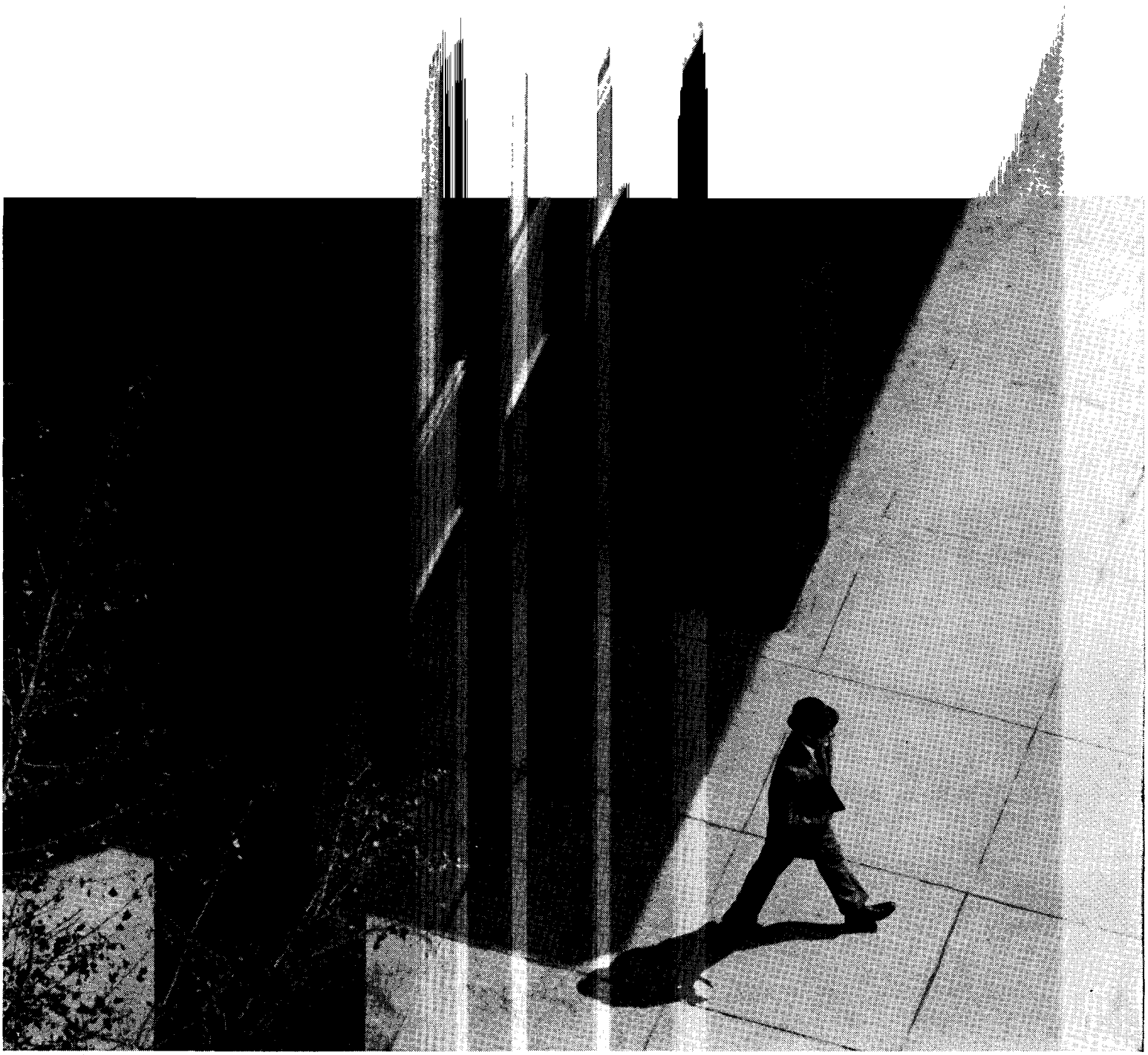

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Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 5, 1960

DON QUIXOTE AND THE BANDITS

Sources of Power in the Modern World

By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

—*Bettmann Archive.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following article, a well-known Spanish statesman and author, has long been a close observer of international problems. Once Spanish ambassador to the U.S., he was also closely associated with the League of Nations from its beginning. Later, he was active in UNESCO until the admission of Franco Spain, when he resigned. He has written widely on international affairs.*

YOU may remember that scene in "Don Quixote" when Sancho and his master on their way to Barcelona are watching how the famous Catalan brigand Roque Guinart deals with his gang of bandits. Roque Guinart, says Cervantes, "made his men stand in a row and, having ordered all the clothes, jewels, and money, and everything else they had robbed since their last distribution to be brought; and having rapidly valued everything, turning into money all that could not be shared . . . , distributed it all among the whole company with so much legality and prudence that he in no whit went beyond nor infringed the rules of distributive justice." Roque said to Don Quixote: "If I did not observe such punctuality toward my men, I could not live with them." Whereupon Sancho pointed out: "If I am to judge by what I have seen here, justice is so good that it must be practised even among thieves"—a remark that very nearly cost him his life, not because he had praised justice but because he had called thieves thieves.

It seems to me that all the elements of our present inquiry are included in this lively scene. A community of men acting within a larger community with no respect for justice *outside* its own circle finds it indispensable to respect justice *within* its own circle; it finds it so in order to live in peace; and its members, though fully aware of what their profession is, will not permit outsiders to call them thieves because their group sense of honor is at stake.

I am, of course, hazarding a parallel between the nation in the world community and the band of brigands in the national community. Let us imagine the communities to which an individual belongs as concentric circles. The individual is the center. The first circle is his family; the second, the group, more or less inchoate, of his acquaintances; the third, the business organism—farm, factory, university—in which he works; the fourth, his city; the fifth, his state; the sixth, his nation; the seventh, his continental group; the eighth, the world community. Why should a moral law be necessary for his life within the first six circles and suddenly stop there? Why should a nation respect justice within its own circle and flout it outside? Remember the advice of the Catalan brigand: justice is indispensable if we are to live in peace. How can we live in peace in the world of nations if the moral law does not apply to the relations between them?

But things are even more complicated than such a geometrical illustration might suggest. The series of concentric circles I have described does not exhaust the groups that have to be considered for our purpose. That series leaves out two important elements: religion and class. These have produced both religious wars and class wars. Throughout her history, Europe has suffered unspeakable horrors that have arisen from these two forms of human aggressiveness. Both class and religion have been invoked as motives to split the world of men into enemy camps; both have obscured the light of reason by bringing men to consider as just whatever suited one side in the war, and as unjust whatever suited the other side. Everybody is familiar with the claims made today by Communism to define justice as all that which benefits the ultimate victory of Communism, and, in the name of this aberration, to justify such things as the crimes of the Soviet concentration camps, the murder of the three Baltic States, the extermination of several Soviet-federated republics, and the assault on Hungary. As for religious wars, who can forget the blood and misery such wars so often brought to Europe?

What is the source of such aberrations? A woman was once showing her child a picture of the Roman circus with Christian martyrs being thrown to the lions. "Oh!" the child cried out in a

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voice full of sympathy. "Look at that poor lion that has no Christian to eat!" Within the limits of the picture shown to him, the child was right. Yet we discover what is wrong the moment we refer the event to a wider frame of reference. Let us not think, however, that this story is just a fanciful anecdote without a political or historical import. On the contrary; it reveals a pattern of events only too frequent in our day-to-day world. About twenty years ago, for example, I asked a prominent, I might say a very prominent, member of the British Labor Party whether it would be fair to describe the Labor Party as a group of shareholders of John Bull & Company who wanted a fairer distribution of the profits from its skilful exploitation of other lands and peoples. He answered in the affirmative. What, therefore, was the difference between the Labor Party and that child pitying the lion? The Labor Party then (not now; at any rate, surely not to the same extent) was like a child saying to the nation: "Look at all these poor English lions, who have no coolies to exploit!"

Something may then be just when viewed within a limited frame of reference and yet unjust when referred to a wider frame. And as there seems to be no particular reason to limit the field of reference, the ultimate standard must perforce be neither the nation nor the class, the color nor the faith, but the whole of mankind.

LET us now take the second hint which Cervantes suggests in his picturesque scene. The leader of the brigands applies the rule of law within his community because, he explains, that is the way to live in peace within the community. The moral law, he says, is indeed the basis of peace. And he is right. Moreover, this Catalan brigand was very much ahead of such an eminent English lawyer as John Austin, who three centuries later conceived law as that which can be enforced. We are here at the very kernel of our problem. Is law the outcome of force or force the outcome of law?

If law is the outcome of force, law need not be moral. If force is the outcome of law, law must be moral. Our inquiry may be put in other words: Is the state founded on the police or are the police founded on the state? We say the police are founded on the state because, without the state, the police are nothing but a band of bullies who fancy wearing peculiar clothes. For the state itself is ultimately based on public opinion.

This conclusion has been obscured by the fact that there have been in the past, and there are today, states that exist only by bullying the nation through a police force, an "army," or other armed body. But even in these cases, the state rests on public opinion, for without the consensus of the public opinion of the ruling class and police, it would collapse. (In such a state, the general public opinion is circumvented, controlled, bullied, and in every way interfered with to prevent it from wanting or effecting a change.) What happens is that the state so misruled is split into two: a bullying and a bullied state. But the bullying state is still ruled by public opinion within itself and is fearful of public opinion in the bullied sector. It is therefore evident that those communities that seem to rest on physical force rest in fact on moral force.

It follows that the attitude of a ruling minority in a totalitarian or tyrannical state is akin to that of the unruly or "amoral" nation in the world community. Both flout the moral law outside their circle but have to respect it inside. In some cases, such as those of Stalin and Hitler, the ruler was led by his omnipotence to infringe the moral law even within the group. But even then, he had to rely on an inner group within the group and, in this more restricted area, to rule by conviction and not by sheer brute force. The core of the tool of government must always be a moral force, no matter how physical the force actually applied to the nation may be. For instance, the Soviet Union today behaves in violation of every moral law with regard to Hungary, just as Roque Guinart behaved toward any rich merchants or princes that fell under his power; but, unlike the Catalan highwayman, she does not deal fairly with her band. Nevertheless, she has to hold the band (i.e., the nation) through the loyalty, discipline, and, so to speak, moral force of the Communist Party.

There lurks here a confusion due to the three meanings of the word *moral*. This word may mean ethical, it may mean customary, it may mean nonphysical. What is worse, the first two meanings overlap, for many customs are ethical; furthermore, most of us are inclined to consider it an ethical duty to conform with every custom of the community in which we live. Thus, most civilized human beings will think it not merely ethical but the very summit of good behavior to fight and die for their country with no examination whatever of whether their country's cause is just, indifferent, or downright criminal; and, curiously enough, this state of mind in an army is known as its "morale." Obviously we are not here beholding a conflict between a physical and a moral force, but one between two moral (i.e., nonphysical) forces, one of which is immoral (i.e., nonethical).

With one further step, we banish physical force altogether from the realm of our disquisition. *Among men, there is no physical force; all seemingly physical force is in fact moral.*

Consider a cavalry regiment, dragooning a city into obedience. Is this physical force? Yes, in so far as there are horses trampling men, women, and children. (Nowadays, of course, the horses have become tanks.) But that is all. The men are soldiers. And a soldier is always a unit of moral force.

For what is a soldier? Let us leave aside for a moment the origin of the very word—a man fighting for a salary—and forget mercenaries. A soldier is a member of an army; an army is an institution; an institution is a body of men united by a moral law in the service of some cause. In the case of an army, this cause is the fatherland.

TOTALITARIAN and tyrannical regimes never admit that they are a minority of oppressors bullying the majority of oppressed. They claim to incarnate the fatherland. They are not a physical force. They are a fake, a forgery of a moral law. And even in extreme cases, when a tyrant or a tyrannous minority appeals to a foreign band of mercenaries or to a foreign army to hold down his or their own people, the tyrant will claim to be saving his country from some imminent danger, for the foreign army must have its own moral law to remain an army, and the foreign mercenaries some sort of higher moral allegiance to stay in the ranks and face death.

At the risk of running this hare of physical force outside the bounds of our field, it may also be observed that even if an assailant who strikes another man is not a soldier, his blow is not dealt by physical but by moral force. This is the inevitable outcome of the fact that man is a rational animal and knows what he is doing. Of course by "moral" here we mean "not physical," and we have to acknowledge that most blows exchanged between men are the outcome of moral forces that are immoral, i.e., of nonphysical forces that are nonethical. But for a man to fight he must mobilize his courage, decision, cunning, presence of mind, and will—all kinds of forces that count far more than the amount of physical energy he puts behind his fists. Such are the nonphysical (and most of them amoral) forces that make up the "morale" of an army.

It may therefore be convenient, for the sake of clearness, to agree to limit the adjective *moral* to its strictly ethical

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meaning, and to call all other forces physical, since after all, they are all natural.

It is now possible to go a little more closely into the reason given to Don Quixote by the leader of the band of brigands for respecting justice in their midst. Without justice, he said, he could not live with his companions. He obviously meant that he could have no peace. For peace is the condition necessary for bearable life. But men do not always understand the essence of this condition. Hence their frequent troubles and miseries.

The chief misunderstanding comes from imagining peace as a passive, negative state, such as sleep ("he sleeps peacefully") or even death ("the peace of the dead"). But peace is an active state. The mere fact that disturbances and violence do not break loose in a community does not prove that it enjoys peace. A community in which millions of human beings abstain from activities which in a healthy society would be legitimate and therefore useful is not at peace, nor is it in good moral health.

We might define peace as the free exercise of the activities of the men and groups within a community under rules freely acquiesced in by all of them. This state of things is the only one that human beings will recognize as acceptable; it is therefore the only one that will not give rise to tensions or disagreements which sooner or later must lead to a rupture of outward peace.

We thus discover that peace and freedom are so closely allied that one might be tempted to consider them as two sides of the same coin. One often hears totalitarian or tyrannical regimes boast of their success in achieving internal peace. There never was such a thing as peace in a totalitarian or tyrannical state. There is a daily battle, in which the people suffer most if not all of the losses, while the tyrant or ruling party covers events with a cloak of censorship. The proof of this is that such states spend huge sums in manning and arming their police forces.

Therefore justice, peace, and freedom are a trinity: three aspects of the same thing. And this trinity is indispensable for civilized human life. It goes without saying that the very core of this trinity is respect for the moral law.

If we are asked whether all this applies to political life, our answer must be that it is the very essence of political life. Justice, peace, and freedom are all essentially political terms. Our argument has borne essentially on the relations between individuals and institutions in a community, which are precisely the categories ruled by politics. Yet a doubt may still linger as to whether the moral law applies to the doings of a nation in the society of nations.

To begin with, a nation can act only through men. If therefore the moral law is compulsory for every individual being, there is no apparent reason why an individual should be exempted from it when he is acting on behalf of his country. We therefore start with a presumption against any such privilege being granted to the nation.

It must be owned, however, that nations do commit crimes and that there is such a thing as the *raison d'état*. The time has come to prove that the *raison d'état* is neither *raison* nor *d'état*.

THIS idea that all can be allowed to the state flourished without shame or pangs of conscience during the era of unlimited national sovereignty, an era now dying in slow and stubborn agony. There was a time when Europe was a picturesque congeries of feudal states vaguely held together by the Emperor and the Pope. This double authority, despite its vagueness, bestowed on Europe a twofold moral solidarity, at a time when commerce and communications were so rudimentary that solidarity was almost nonexistent, not only between people and people but even between farm and farm.

The moral solidarity of Europe was shattered toward the end of the fifteenth century by three events: the rise of the great Western nations, Spain, France, and England; the discovery of America; and the Reformation. These brought an era of absolute monarchy and international anarchy. This anarchy did not, however, altogether destroy Europe because the powerful, amoral nations that rose then found a wide field for their activities in the whole planet, just as the Stauffenberg bomb did not kill Hitler because it exploded in what was practically an open space.

But now the world has returned, though on a wider field, to a situation similar to that which ended with the fifteenth century. Curiously enough, the situation is the same though inverted. Then, material solidarity was almost nonexistent, while moral solidarity was strong. Now material solidarity is almost complete, but moral solidarity is still feeble. And there are misguided voices which deny that the moral law applies to the international world.

We may ask: does the world community exist? Obviously, it does. A firm in Düsseldorf or Munich is but an organism fed with raw materials from Spain, Tanganyka, Ceylon, and Chile, exploiting ideas coming from a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, and a Swede, and selling its products in South America and in India. You may

(*Continued on page* 56)

"Moise Tshombe, Kwame Nkrumah, Patrice Lumumba, Kasavubu!!! Why did Africa have to erupt now?"

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AN INTERVIEW WITH F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

In 1920, a few weeks after the publication of "This Side of Paradise," F. Scott Fitzgerald suggested to John William Rogers, then book advertising manager of Scribner's, that he might write an interview with himself for use in publicizing his book. A few days later Fitzgerald handed him a rough pencil draft. The interview was not used, however, because, as Mr. Rogers recalls, "Fitzgerald was just one more young man with a promising first novel. An interview giving impressions of him and his literary opinions was of very little interest to anybody." Recently Mr. Rogers came across Fitzgerald's manuscript, which had been filed away for nearly forty years, and made it available to SR. The manuscript, printed here exactly as the twenty-four-year-old Fitzgerald wrote it, has been given by Mr. Rogers to the Dallas Public Library.

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

WITH the distinct intention of taking Mr. Fitzgerald by surprise I ascended to the twenty-first floor of the Biltmore and knocked in the best waiter-manner at the door. On entering my first impression was one of confusion—a sort of rummage sale confusion. A young man was standing in the center of the room turning an absent glance first at one side of the room and then at the other.

"I'm looking for my hat," he said dazedly, "How do you do. Come on in and sit down on the bed."

The author of "This Side of Paradise" is sturdy, broad shouldered and just above medium height. He has blond hair with the suggestion of a wave and alert green eyes—the mélange somewhat Nordic—and good looking too, which was disconcerting as I had somehow expected a thin nose and spectacles.

We had preliminaries—but I will omit the preliminaries. They consisted in searching for things [,] cigarettes, a blue tie with white dots, an ash tray. But as he was obviously quite willing to talk, and seemed quite receptive to my questions we launched off directly on his ideas of literature.

"How long did it take to write your book?" I began.

"To write it—three months, to concieve [sic] it—three minutes. To collect the data in it—all my life. The idea of writing it occurred to me on the First of last July. It was sort of a substitute form of dissipation."

"What are your plans now?" I asked him.

He gave a long sigh and shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll be darned if I know. The scope and depth and breadth of my writings lie in the laps of the Gods. If knowledge comes naturally, through interest, as Shaw learned his political econemy [sic] or as Wells devoured modern science—why, that'll be slick. On study itself—that is in 'reading up' a subject—I haven't ant-hill moving faith. Knowledge must cry out to be known—cry out

(*Continued on page* 56)

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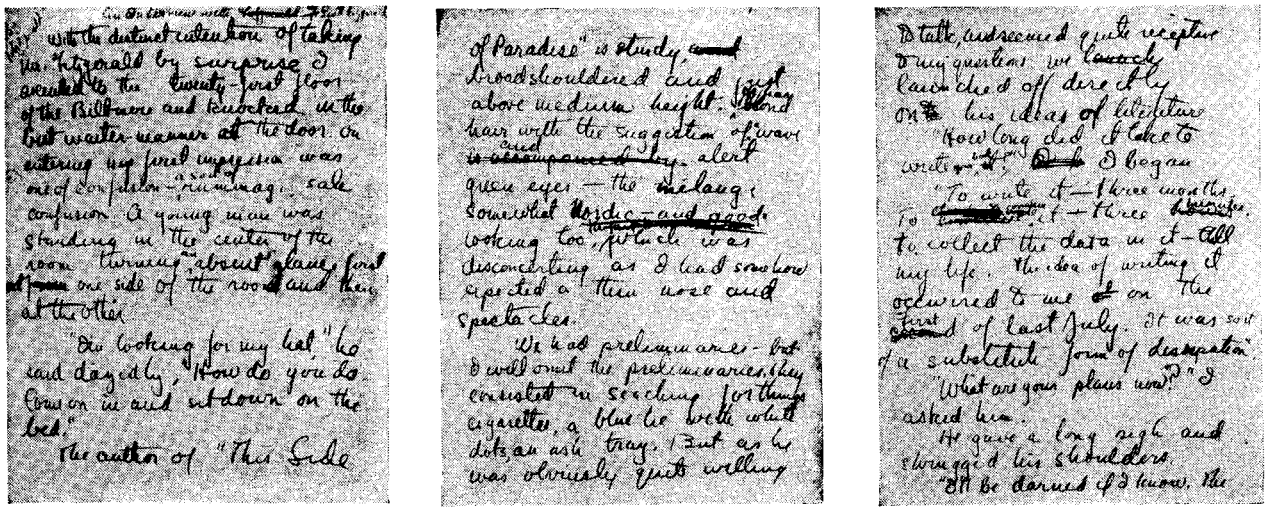

Fitzgerald manuscript—the first three pages of the nine-page "interview," here published for the first time.

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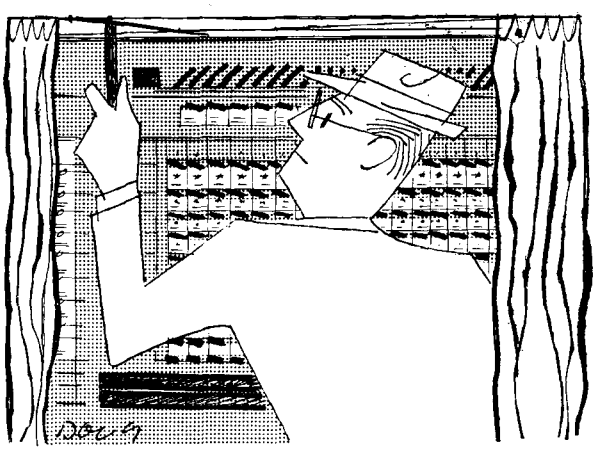
THE CATHOLIC VOTE: A SECOND LOOK



By ELMO ROPER, *public opinion analyst and SR editor-at-large.*

ONE YEAR ago I wrote in these pages that the "Catholic vote" was a myth and that "Catholic voters are just as . . . divided in their voting preferences as any other group" (*SR*, Oct. 31, 1959). It now appears that I was wrong, and that in this election year a rather solid Catholic vote does in fact exist. I did not at that time dismiss the possibility of some anti-Catholic voting, although I said I thought it would be small. Such a vote also clearly exists this year. While, for obvious reasons, I hesitate to give further emphasis to this, I feel compelled to make the admission that the premises on which I based my conclusions of last year appear no longer to be valid this year.

My statement last year was based on a careful analysis of past voting statistics, which clearly demonstrated that religion was a very minor factor in most past elections for Governors, U. S. Senators—in short, for *other* offices than President. But this spring's primaries suggested that with the Presidency at stake, religion had become a matter of much greater importance; and recent survey results confirm its importance—for Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

When people whose answers to a battery of questions showed them likely to vote were given an opportunity to express their feelings about a Catholic President, most of them—62 per cent—said that religion had no political relevance. But this left 23 per cent who expressed some degree of anti-Catholic bias and 15 per cent who expressed some pro-Catholic bias. Since religious bias is a sensitive subject in many quarters, these figures cannot be taken as an accurate measure of its total presence, but they leave no doubt of its existence among a large segment of the public.

The real question is: How do Protestants and Catholics intend to vote? The answer is that, as of September, 68 per cent of Catholics who were likely to vote intended to vote for Kennedy. Only 18 per cent intended to vote for Nixon. (Fourteen per cent were undecided or would not disclose their preference.) Protestants, on the other hand, were planning to vote two to one for Nixon; their voting alignment at that time was 60 per cent for Nixon, 30 per cent for Kennedy, and 10 per cent undecided or undisclosed. Among the Independents the issue is even more clear-cut: Catholic Independents were planning to vote three to one for Kennedy; Protestant Independents, three to one for Nixon.

The picture is not, however, as simple as that. Catholics are traditionally a strongly Democratic group, although enough of them defected to Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956 to give the Republican ticket a slight majority of their vote. Never in the past, however, have they been Democratic by a four-to-one margin. This year their basic political allegiance has apparently been reinforced by religious loyalty or religious prejudice or whatever it is that causes them to see virtues in the Democratic candidate in much larger proportion than has been true in any Presidential election my associates and I have studied.

Protestants, on the other hand, are more Republican than Democratic in their party affiliation, although not by as large a margin as that of their present preference for the Republican candidate. In 1956, however, Protestants gave Eisenhower roughly the same proportion of their vote that they now intend to give Nixon—and Eisenhower was running against another Protestant. How much of this vote Nixon is retaining on religious grounds it is impossible to tell, but it is clearly a factor. A full 25 per cent of the Protestant Democrats are planning to vote for Nixon, as opposed to only 4 per cent of the Catholic Democrats. And when Democrats for Nixon were asked the reason for their preference, 29 per cent of them said frankly that it was Kennedy's religion.

Nonetheless, even open statements of voting along religious lines cannot be taken at their face value. For example, about half of Republican Protestants and only about one out of seven Democratic Protestants expressed some feeling against a Catholic President. It is surely not too far-fetched to conclude that for many of these people, the *religious* factor is no more than an additional argument in support of a far more basic *political* predisposition.

I AM sure these figures will, for many months ahead, be widely interpreted and misinterpreted. Some cynic will say that three-quarters of the Catholics and two-thirds of the Protestants show some religious bias. Some optimist will refute this by showing that one out of every three Protestants and one out of every four Catholics puts party and principle above religious considerations. Some realist will point out that since Protestants are normally slightly over half Republican and Catholics well over half Democratic there were only quite small minorities of either who let the candidate's religion determine their vote. (Jews, by the way, are *more* than four to one for Kennedy; but they are strong Democrats normally.)

Whatever its exact weight in the present voting balance, religion is clearly figuring in this year's political picture. There are some Protestants voting against Senator Kennedy only because he is a Catholic (in open defiance of our Constitution), and there are some Catholics voting for Senator Kennedy only because he is a Catholic (in defiance of the Constitution *and* the ex-

(*Continued on page* 53)

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A Little Good in Evil

By Granville Hicks

JOHN UPDIKE, in **"Rabbit, Run"** (*Knopf, $4.00*), has told the story of an irresponsible and troubled young man, Harry Angstrom, commonly called Rabbit. In high school he was a basketball player, famous in his own country. Now, at twenty-six, he works in a department store and has a wife and a child, with another child on the way.

The novel is a record of his flights. One day, on the most sudden of impulses, he sets off in his car, heading vaguely south. As suddenly he comes back, but not to his wife. Instead he takes up with a part-time prostitute, but he abandons her when he learns that his wife is in labor. He and Janice are not re-united for long, however, and when he leaves this time, she gets drunk and allows the baby to drown in the bathtub. He runs away again after the baby's funeral, seeks refuge with Ruth, the semi-prostitute, then runs once more.

Updike shows us Rabbit in all his weakness. He can be abysmally selfish, not only with his women but with all those who try to help him. In his sexual activities, about which Updike is uncommonly explicit even for these times, he shows little consideration for his partners. To the consequences of his deeds he gives no thought. The only solution he can discover for any of his problems is flight.

On the other hand, Rabbit has qualities that are not contemptible. For one thing, he has an idea of excellence, associated in his mind with his erstwhile prowess in basketball. He tells Ruth: "I *was* great. It's the fact. I mean, I'm not good for anything now but I really was good at that." To Jack Eccles, a clergyman who is trying to patch up the marriage, he says: "I once played a game real well. I really did. And after you're first-rate at something, no matter what, it kind of takes the kick out of being second-rate. And that little thing Janice and I had going, boy, it was really second-rate."

He has an inner life of considerable intensity. After his fashion he is religious; Mr. Eccles calls him a mystic. At any rate he has a feeling for what he believes to be "rightness" in a situation, and he is convinced that his impulses are somehow inspired. "He is a good man," Eccles says to Rabbit's mother-in-law, who is by no means ready to accept this evaluation. When Rabbit asks Ruth why she likes him, she replies, " 'Cause you haven't given up. 'Cause in your stupid way you're still fighting." "I'm lovable," he tells her later on, and some persons find him so.

As epigraph Updike uses a quotation from Pascal: "The motions of Grace, the hardness of the heart, external circumstances." It is a summary of the novel. The hardness of the heart is what one sees first and sees again and again. But then there are the external circumstances, particularly the fact that society has no use for Rabbit's one talent, his way with a basketball. Finally, and most important, there are the motions of Grace. Updike does not make too much of them; they are, he lets us see, uncertain and questionable; but Rabbit is not merely a selfish wretch nor is he merely a victim of circumstances. One may say that he is deluded: when, for instance, at the end of the book, he feels that he is entering upon a new life, the reader has every right to be skeptical. The fact, however, that he can still think of a new life, after what he has been through, may be evidence of Grace.

Although Updike is only twenty-eight, "Rabbit, Run" is his fourth book, for he has published a volume of verse and a collection of short stories, some of them very fine, before the appearance last year of "The Poorhouse Fair." The novel was highly, even extravagantly, praised by many critics. The quality of the writing and the characterization deserved praise, but I felt that Updike had been mistaken in trying to make the book a kind of political parable. There is no such extraneous element in "Rabbit, Run."

"The Poorhouse Fair" was admirably written, but the style of the present novel, while just as controlled, is more flexible. Updike can be perfectly straightforward, particularly in dialogue, but he lets himself go whenever occasion demands. Here, for example, is a piece of description that is conventional in conception but distinctive in execution:

> Sun and moon, sun and moon, time goes. In Mrs. Smith's acres, crocuses break the crust. Daffodils and narcissi unpack their trumpets. The reviving grass harbors violets, and the lawn is suddenly coarse with dandelions and broad-leaved weeds. Invisible rivulets running brokenly make the low land of the estate sing. The flowerbeds, bordered with bricks buried diagonally, are pierced by dull red spikes that will be peonies, and the earth itself, scumbled, stone-flecked, horny, raggedly patched with damp and dry, looks like the oldest and smells like the newest thing under Heaven."

Here is the drunken Janice with her baby: "She lifts the living thing into the air and hugs it against her sopping chest. Water pours off them onto the bathroom tiles. The little weightless body flops against her neck and a quick look of relief at the baby's face gives a fantastic clotted impression. A contorted memory of how they give artificial respiration pumps Janice's cold wet arms in frantic rhythmic hugs; under her clenched lids great scarlet prayers arise, wordless, monotonous, and she seems to be clasping the knees of a vast third person whose name, Father, Father, beats against her head like physical blows. Though her wild heart bathes the universe in red, no spark kindles in the space between her arms; for all of her pouring prayers she doesn't feel the faintest tremor of answer in the darkness against her. Her sense of the third person with them widens enormously, and she knows, knows, while knocks sound at the door, that the worst thing that has ever happened to any woman in the world has happened to her."

IN RECENT months I have discussed a number of novels about irresponsible young men, and sometimes I have complained that the author has failed to convince me that I should take an interest in the character he has created. I make no such complaint about "Rabbit, Run." Updike seizes upon qualities in Harry Angstrom that are of large significance, and, with his stylistic resources, he makes them real to us. There is something in this man—call it "the motions of Grace" if you choose—that demands our respect. Although compassion is one of his gifts, Updike is not merely compassionate; he has so deep a sense of human fallibility that he treasures the goodness, slight as it is, that he finds in Rabbit.

From now on Updike has to be regarded as one of our important young novelists, a powerful writer with his own vision of the world. In "The Poorhouse Fair" that vision sometimes seemed blurred, but here it is clear and compelling. It is a vision of good struggling in a morass of evil, and Updike has as sure a hold on one quality as on the other.

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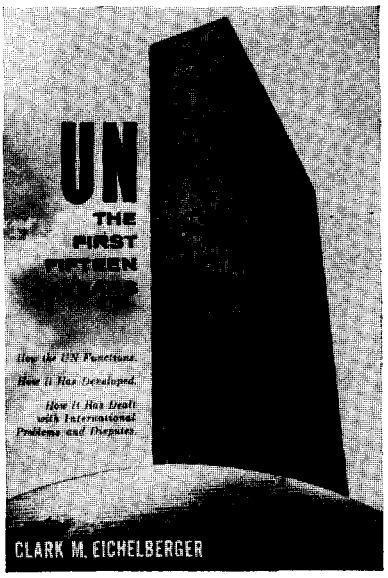
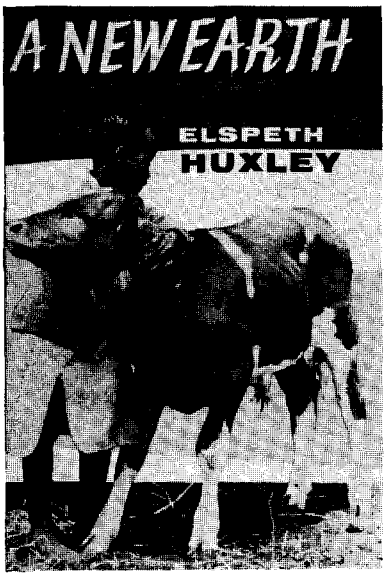
Books in the News


UN
THE FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS
How the UN Functions
How It Has Developed
How It Has Dealt with International Problems and Disputes
CLARK M. EICHELBERGER



The Keepers of the Peace

By SIR PIERSON DIXON, *formerly Britain's representative to the United Nations and now Ambassador to France.*

CLARK EICHELBERGER'S "UN: The First Fifteen Years" (Harper, $2.75), which is a revision of his earlier work "UN: The First Ten Years," appears at a topical moment when the United Nations is engaged, in the Congo, in the most ambitious peace-keeping operation it has ever undertaken, and while the General Assembly, with many world leaders attending, is holding the most fateful meeting in its history. The sudden onrush of events since the emergence of the Congo Republic this summer has concentrated world interest on the United Nations and has startled many into a realization both of the capacities of the U.N. and of the seriousness of any severe setback. Mr. Eichelberger, it would seem from one or two remarks in the text, completed this book just about the time that the U.N. went into the Congo. He would no doubt have much to say about the subsequent events. But his judgments lose nothing in relevance because a situation arose which he could not have foreseen.

"The total purpose . . . of the United Nations is the maintenance of peace. The over-all method by which it is to be accomplished is the development of a dynamic international society in which nations are held together by many visible and intangible bonds of civilized adjustments and development. . . . One dreams of an order in which nations will be so enmeshed in co-operative peaceful efforts that serious political disputes and threats of war will be relegated to minor roles." The ideals of the U.N. could hardly be better summarized. The question is whether the machinery and constitution of the U.N., and the outside forces which provide the motive power, are adequate for this purpose.

In what follows the writer is expressing his own opinions, formed from his experience as United Kingdom Representative at the U.N. from 1954 until last August.

The original conception was that five major powers, sitting in the Security Council where their unanimity was required for important decisions, would keep the peace of the world, while inequalities in the economic, social and colonial spheres were gradually adjusted. These inequalities, it was recognized, were in themselves a potential source of international friction, and their adjustment would be a contribution to world peace and security. Owing to the division between the major powers, the conception of the five or four "policemen" has never worked in practice and the U.N., in its vital peace-keeping role, has been thrown back on expedients. It is remarkable that it has been able, in difficult circumstances, to do so much: procuring the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Iran in 1946, resisting aggression in Korea in 1950, helping to maintain peace between Israel and her Arab neighbors and, in 1956, setting up the U.N. Emergency Force, assisting the states of the former Indo-China to sustain their independence, and handling a highly intricate and potentially dangerous situation in the Congo. These are some salient examples of effective U.N. action. There are many more. The record is impressive, especially when it is remembered that progress in eliminating inequalities in the social and economic spheres has been continuous, if less sensational.

THE way in which the U.N. has been able to adjust itself to conditions of world tension has not been simply a matter of intelligent improvisation. It shows that the U.N. has an organic life of its own. As a result of the effective application of its own principles, the membership has been increased, and its character changed, by the advent of new, formerly colonial, countries from Asia and Africa. The difficulties with the Communist powers have led to a certain decline in the position of the Security Council and the development of new techniques and procedures, notably the increase in the prestige and influence of the Secretary General and a greater activity by the General Assembly in questions of peace and security than was contemplated by the founders of the U.N. There has undoubtedly developed something approximating an "international personality" in the U.N., born not solely out of expediency but also out of a sense of achievement and confidence.

Mr. Eichelberger says that the major powers are "half in and half out" of the U.N., sometimes contributing to the organization and sometimes forgetting or failing to use it. It is true that the "international personality" mentioned above seems to be developing round some of the so-called "neutralist" countries in combination with the expanding influence of the U.N. Secretariat. This is a natural development, when one considers that the newly emergent countries must not only view with the same repulsion as those more advanced nations the risks of the continuing struggle between the Communist and the Western powers, but must also, in their own interests, desire above all the promotion of a state of affairs which will eliminate the risk of

(*Continued on page* 52)

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Africa Without Emotion

By C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS, *whose study of Rhodesia, "The Vision Splendid," will be published in Britain later this fall.*

HERE, for a blessed change, is Africa without emotion and without politics. Shunning the polemic fires that overheat so many other authors, Mrs. Huxley, writing of the Kenya that she knows so well, has given us one of the best of the recent books on the African scene, "**A New Earth**" (Morrow, $6). The reader must not look in these pages for splendid visions of a New Heaven. For it is of a New Earth that Mrs. Huxley writes and, in keeping with her title, she remains firmly down on the ground. Her purpose is to survey the progress of the agricultural (and therefore the social) reforms set up during the governorship of Sir Evelyn Baring after the outbreak of the Mau Mau atrocities. For this survey she toured some 52,000 square miles (slightly more than the area of England) and saw, with a farmer's eye, how the reformers were trying to solve a problem that, here and elsewhere, is of importance to the health and wealth of the world. For Africa is the great enigma of the future and there is a heavy import for all of us in the efforts of the old colonial powers to rush their more backward peoples into premature independence. All over Africa the deserts are encroaching while the populations multiply. To the political pressures that are being artificially built up (in part from American funds), will be added violent economic pressures. While China and Russia watch.

The story that Mrs. Huxley has to tell us, despite her own qualified optimism, is not one that will calm the fears of those who have a realistic knowledge of Africa. Again and again she tells us of ravaged lands, tortured by generations of ignorance and inertia and fragmented by tribal systems of inheritance. She shows us great stretches of man-made desert, where man and his herds "erode the soil, destroy the grass, ruin the forest, reduce the rainfall, dessicate the climate, dry up the rivers and create deserts." She tells how Mr. Tom Hughes Rice, sent to Machakos to restore life to its drying land, saw before him 5,600 square miles stripped naked of vegetation, roamed by bony cattle "like walking hat-racks," peopled by suspicious black folk, and how he sat down and wept.

The obstacles that confronted the Kenya government's plans to save the land were formidable and the most stubborn was the African's opposition to changing the habits of a thousand years—an opposition ardently exploited by the brash black politicians of Nairobi, who told the simple African peasant that it was all a white man's plot to steal his land. Immense patience and persistence had therefore to be exercised by the agricultural officers who had to put these plans into effect, but they were dedicated men, who cared deeply for the land, though it was not their own.

Mrs. Huxley tells us how in many cases they have been brilliantly successful and how in others they have been torpedoed by the black man's lethargy. Money and effort are poured out, but the Tugen tribesmen have failed miserably to respond and the Kipsigis, though owning some of the finest pasture in the world, produce nothing but third-rate beef cattle and a handful of ghee. But the Nandi hills are being transformed from a ravaged waste into "a garden of green fields" and the "great, raw patches of mange" of the Ukambandi were covered in a year with "a fuzz of green."

Most hopeful of all seem to be the bold schemes for promoting tea and coffee, but the future stands poised on the African's ability to maintain the high quality that is essential in the competitive markets of the world. Quality has never hitherto been a characteristic of African work.

One thing that impresses itself on one's mind throughout these pages—as it does also when one travels the rural areas of Rhodesia, Nigeria, and elsewhere—is the selfless dedication of the British government servant to improving Africa for the Africans. As one reads of the frustrations, inertia, and suspicions that confront him and of the deceits of politicians with no moral integrity, one cannot help asking: Why does he bother?

What will happen if and when the white man goes? One official had no illusions. Speaking of the Suk tribesmen, he said: "Left to themselves, they'd have all the forest off the Cheranganis in a few years. And then? Dried-up springs; no streams; no rivers down below; death to the herds; enforced emigration. Do they understand it? Not really."

Mrs. Huxley herself is not so pessimistic. She finds "the giant Progress" to be "new and exciting, like the smell of jasmine." But, with her knowledge of the East African, she is not blind to the rocks ahead. There is great doubt whether the African could maintain the momentum on his own. There is fear of a relapse into the crippling fragmentation of land.

The greatest imponderable, however, is politics. "If we have peace," said the District Commissioner of Kiambu, "a tremendous surge forward in farming will begin." But peace, one fears as one looks at the slick and unstable black politicians of Nairobi, is a blessing that Kenya is not likely to enjoy for long.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE STATELY HOMES OF FICTION

Many literary classics and modern best-sellers have their action centered in, or around, a specific edifice. R. H. Grenville of Victoria, British Columbia, submits the names of nine of these and asks you to match them with the names of the authors who created them. Leases are signed on page 51.

1. Jalna	( ) Margaret Mitchell
2. The House of Usher	( ) Daphne du Maurier
3. Green Gables	( ) Charlotte Brontë
4. Elsinore	( ) Edgar Allan Poe
5. Dragonwyck	( ) William Shakespeare
6. Tara	( ) Henry James
7. Bly	( ) Mazo de la Roche
8. Thornwood	( ) Anya Seton
9. Manderley	( ) Lucy M. Montgomery

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THEATRE

Minstrel of an Odd Song

"The Drums of Father Ned, A Play by Sean O'Casey" *(St. Martin's Press. 109 pp. $2.95),* ***"Sean O'Casey, The Man and His Work,"*** *by David Krause (Macmillan. 340 pp. $4.50), and* ***"The Experiments of Sean O'Casey,"*** *by Robert Hogan (St. Martin's Press. 215 pp. $5), reveal the extraordinary vitality of the Irish playwright. Director of many Broadway productions, Harold Clurman reviews drama on and off Broadway for The Nation.*

By Harold Clurman

Sean O'Casey — "variations on a single theme."

READING Sean O'Casey's latest play "The Drums of Father Ned" and two new books about him reminded me of an incident related to the production of one of O'Casey's first plays which was being revived by an earnest Off-Broadway group. In the course of rehearsals the director and his company were troubled by conflicting interpretations. To settle their argument they wired O'Casey: "What is the significance of your play?" He answered: "The significance of my play is that it is a good play."

The quip strikes me as wholly apposite to the occasion of most O'Casey criticism. The earliest and most famous of O'Casey's plays—"The Shadow of a Gunman," "Juno and the Paycock," "The Plough and the Stars"—are pictures of humble Dubliners in the years of internal industrial struggle and of armed strife against the English. These plays are packed with pathos, humor, anger, tenderness, and heartbreak. They are rich in characterization, sweet with human sentiment, hilarious with human fecklessness, yet on the whole quite unsentimental. They are marked by true speech heightened to the pitch of brilliant rhetoric and genuine eloquence. One might say of O'Casey's prose dialogue that at its best it is one of the finest modern examples of folk poetry. These plays expound no thesis and they abound with varied meaning.

Some of O'Casey's later (and possibly controversial) plays are, as a matter of fact, intellectually much simpler, hence much clearer. They are nearly all variations on a single theme: "This comedy's but an idle laughing play," O'Casey writes of "Father Ned," about the things encumbering Ireland's way. Most of O'Casey's plays are odes to the joy of life and jibes, taunts, hoots, growls, and groans at the puritan bigotry (regardless of denomination), the repressiveness, the folly, and cruelty of those who fear life's splendid anarchy.

"You see, Father," says a girl in O'Casey's new play, "we're fed up bein' afraid our shaddas'll tell what we're thinkin'. One fool, or a few, rules th' family life; rules th' ways of a man with a maid, rules th' mode of a girl's dhress, rules th' worker in fields and factory, rules th' choice of our politicians, rules th' very words we try to speak, so that everything said cheats th' thruth; an' Doonavale has become th' town of th' shut mouth." The accent in O'Casey's play is always Irish but just as Faulkner's and Williams's work is focused on the South but extends beyond its borders, so Dublin (or Ireland) for O'Casey is metaphorically the world's typical parish. And the activity which for O'Casey most thoroughly exemplifies man's insanity or abuse of life is war.

Still there is an O'Casey "problem." He is unquestionably one of the foremost dramatists of our time, yet he is rarely produced. Some may think this is because being inalienably Irish his importance is merely local. Others feel that his plays are misshapen because he exiled himself when "The Plough and the Stars" was booed (for nationalistic reasons) by some of the Dublin audiences, and then turned his back on the Abbey Theatre when its board of directors rejected his anti-war play "The Silver Tassie." O'Casey, it is contended, lost contact with a working theatre, a contact which might have served to discipline his unruly genius. The result of all this is that a great number of commentators declare O'Casey's work after its initial phase inferior to the three plays which brought him to the world's attention.

To balance the account—to combat its injustice—another group of critics have raised a clamor insisting on a new and perhaps greater eminence for O'Casey's later work of which only "Purple Dust" has had a degree of popular success on our stage. I remember George Jean Nathan, the most persistent and potent of O'Casey's champions, writing me a letter in which he asserted that O'Casey's "Within the Gates" was the greatest play in the English language since "The Tempest." But Robert Hogan, another partisan of O'Casey's "experiments"—as the title of his book implies—considers "Within the Gates" "monstrously dull"!

This discrepancy is characteristic of the conflicting critical opinion O'Casey's plays usually arouse. Thus even among his defenders David Krause speaks in glowing terms of the stylized second act (the trench scene) of "The Silver Tassie" while Robert Hogan suggests that it might be cut entirely without doing any harm to the play as a whole. These contradictions and exaggerations frequently arise when a first-rate writer seems to be neglected or undervalued; his sympathetic critics seek every possible reason to praise him or to overpraise him—even for his faults.

This is not entirely the case in either David Krause's or Robert Hogan's books. Both writers make critical sense, especially David Krause, though Robert Hogan's book is perhaps the livelier. Both are intelligent men; Krause the more mature. Both books are to be recommended if for no other reason than that they force us to re-examine O'Casey's plays.

David Krause's book attempts a full-scale evaluation of O'Casey's work. It traces and places O'Casey's creative effort in its historical and social background; it follows the making of each play from the circumstances of O'Casey's personal life to the finished script. There is also a fascinating account of the censorship problem in Ireland as it affects O'Casey and other writers. Though Krause's book smacks at times of the doctoral thesis, its foundations are sound and there is a scope of thought and feeling uncommon in such essays—as in the remark "Art should be more than a tract; it should also be more than a retreat."

A college professor like Krause,

(*Continued on page* 48)

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FICTION

Iron Curtain Iconoclasts

By IVAR SPECTOR, *of the Far Eastern and Russian Institute at the University of Washington, who wrote "An Introduction to Russian History and Culture."*

IN totalitarian countries, the press provides the key to what Government leaders think, or want the people to think, on matters of domestic and foreign policy. It reveals comparatively little of the life and thought of the people. Literature, although subject likewise to rigorous censorship, is a far better sounding board for popular sentiment and a more reliable source of information about living conditions. What was true of Tsarist Russia in this respect is even more true of Soviet Russia. For this reason alone, Americans should welcome the publication in English of representative works of literature from the communist orbit.

Four novels by writers behind the Iron Curtain recently have been published in English translation in the United States—**"The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz,"** by Ilya Ehrenburg (Polyglot, $5.95), a novel completed in Paris in 1927, but never published inside the Soviet Union; **"The Inquisitors,"** by the Polish writer, Jerzy Andrzejewski (Knopf, $3.50), published in Warsaw in 1959; **"The Trial Begins,"** by Abram Tertz (Pantheon, $2.95), whose manuscript was smuggled out of the USSR to Paris and whose identity still remains a secret, and **"A New Year's Tale," by** Vladimir Dudintsev (Dutton, $2.50), which first appeared in the Soviet journal *Novyi Mir* (*The New World*) in January, 1960. None of these works, incidentally, was recommended for translation by Alexander Chakovsky, Soviet editor of *Foreign Literature*, in his article last spring for *SR* (April 2, 1960).

In fact, "Lasik" has been published in the United States without the authorization of Ehrenburg, who has protested its appearance. Its publication at this time is a twofold blow to the author. In the first place, it does not reflect Ehrenburg's *Weltanschauung* today, but his outlook more than thirty years ago. Second, following the publication in the West of Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago," it threatens Ehrenburg's prestige in the Soviet Union. This is one more instance of the complications arising from the USSR's failure to participate in international copyright agreements. Nevertheless, the damage is done, both to Ehrenburg and to the public, which may overlook the fact that "Lasik" is mainly of historical significance.

The first three novels depict a life of fear, hatred, and terror under tyranny, in which there exists no hope for the future. Dudintsev does open a new horizon for his young scientist—a New Year of hope. Of the four books, Dudintsev's is the shortest, the most symmetrical, and the one which best reflects a new trend of thought among at least a segment of Soviet intellectuals.

Ehrenburg's book—a far cry from his recent controversial novel, "The Thaw" —concerns a Jewish tailor in Homel (or Gomel) during the NEP period in Soviet Russia in the 1920's. An inadvertent sigh during the posting of a Soviet placard led to his being falsely accused of ideological crime by local Soviet authorities, who sought vainly to extract a confession from him, and condemned him to prison. After a successful escape from Soviet Russia, Lasik became a frustrated wanderer, a jack-of-all-trades, even an imposter, who no sooner established himself in a new locale than he was unjustly imprisoned as a Bolshevik. This tale of human misery, in which there is no redeeming character, ends in Palestine, where the unfortunate Lasik died of starvation. His wanderings and death, against a different background, are reminiscent of Turgenev's Rudin. In the course of his "stormy life," Lasik lost faith in communism, capitalism, and Judaism. Both directly and indirectly through his mouthpiece, Lasik, Ehrenburg denounces Judaism and holds up the Talmud to ridicule. He invariably refers to the God of Israel as an "invented God."

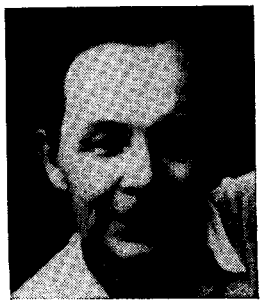
Although this novel, is, in many respects, a stark tragedy, there is an undercurrent of humor, strongly reminiscent of the late Jewish writer, Sholom Aleichem. Russian proverbs, Talmudic aphorisms, Haggadic allegories and similes, as well as legends attributed to the Zaddiks, are used in abundance by Ehrenburg.

"The Inquisitors" is likewise a tale of frustration. In reality, this is a biography of Father Tomas de Torquemada, Chief Inquisitor for Philip and Isabella of Aragon during the heyday of the Spanish Inquisition. The impression is given that the Polish author begins with the Grand Inquisitor where Dostoyevsky ends. Although the setting is fifteenth-century Spain, the conditions described reflect likewise the regime of fear and tyranny imposed by the "Communist Inquisitors" of contemporary Poland. After a dramatic description of the operation of the Spanish Inquisition and of the "confessions" extracted from its victims, Andrzejewski, by means of the "confession" of the dying Torquemada, condemns inquisitions conducted either in the name of theology (God) or of ideology (the Devil).

Andrzejewski carries disillusionment even further than does Ehrenburg. He depicts a country where there is no alternative to hatred, terror, and tyranny, other than Nihilism. Like Bazarov, in Turgenev's "Fathers and Children," who preached Nihilism, but offered no concrete substitute for what he was determined to destroy, the dying Torquemada called for an end to the "flames," even for the overthrow of the inquisitorial regime he himself had reared. "There shall be no Kingdom of God upon earth," he concluded. Although Torquemada insisted that other roads to salvation must be found, he did not indicate where or how to seek them.

"The Trial Begins" is a "philosophical fable," which reflects dissatisfaction with the Soviet regime and the degeneration of some of its bureaucrats, but offers no way out of the existing impasse other than the incipient plots of

(*Continued on page* 50)



Dudintsev

Andrzejewski

Ehrenburg

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Back to Beulah Land

"Know Nothing," by Mary Lee Settle *(Viking. 334 pp. $4.95), recreates the growing tensions on a western Virginia plantation just before the outbreak of the Civil War. William Peden is director of the University of Missouri Press.*

By William Peden

MARY LEE SETTLE's "Know Nothing" is set in what is now the western part of West Virginia, and is concerned with the inhabitants of the plantation of Beulah, whose earlier history Miss Settle created in her first novel, "O Beulah Land." Her canvas, like that of most historical novels, is a crowded one, depicting a quarter of a century in the lives of a score of major characters, and shifting in scene from the essentially frontier existence of the western mountains to the aristocratic society of the Tidewater, from the Tidewater to the Valley of Virginia, and, briefly, to the bloody violence of the Kansas-Missouri border on the eve of the Civil War.

Miss Settle's major characters are Johnny Catlett of Beulah plantation and his cousin Melinda; around them revolves a kaleidoscopic gallery of whites and Negroes, old and young, aristocrats and white trash, brave men and opportunists, highlighted by Johnny's Virginia father, his "Methodist partridge" of a Western mother, and his gloomy brother, "Fish" Crawford, who wins Melinda's hand but not her heart; and Toey, Johnny's "lust-procreated" half-sister. The large number of Miss Settle's people is frequently an obstacle to the reader's understanding and enjoyment. Too frequently the author introduces a character only to abandon him temporarily; when the reader is later informed that such and such a character has commited suicide, or "come up in the world" and matriculated at the University of Virginia, he is unmoved for the simple reason he has forgotten him. This plethora of weakly-individualized people, together with the author's fondness for caricature and her confusing use of a floating point of view, is the major weakness of Miss Settle's novel.

When the author shifts her focus from characterization to the depiction of events, she is considerably more successful. Above and beyond the story of Johnny and Melinda's tragic love, Miss Settle effectively depicts events on the larger stage of actual history. The growing tensions between irreconcilable political, social, and moral forces within the sprawling area which was soon to split violently into the separate states of Virginia and West Virginia at a time when the Whig Party, as one of the characters puts it, was being transformed into "this trashy Know Nothing business," are effectively projected. So too are certain phases of the social history of the period, such as the charming recreations of resort life at Egeria Springs. Miss Settle (a native of Charleston, West Virginia) knows her land and its people well and uses this knowledge effectively, and without pretentiousness, in spite of her occasional over-simplification of the differences between Tidewater and Western mores.

In concept, "Know Nothing" is of epic, even heroic, proportions. Miss Settle brings to her task literary integrity and admirable seriousness of purpose. Although the narrative occasionally walks rather than canters and the people are sometimes swallowed up in the background, "Know Nothing" is a welcome contrast to the mass of blowzy Technicolored so-called historical romances designed for those who prefer to read lying down.

ELLIPTICAL LOVE: The scene of Marguerite Duras's **"Moderato Cantabile"** (translated by Richard Seaver; Grove, Paperback, $1.75) is a small seacoast town in France, and such story as it has concerns the brief, trancelike encounter between Madame Desbaresdes, the bored young wife of a local industrialist, and Chauvin, one of his foundry employees. They meet by accident, in the small cafe where a man has just killed his mistress, and for several subsequent afternoon Madame Desbaresdes returns, as though hypnotized, and Chauvin joins her there. They drink, discuss the crime, and half-identify their own nascent passions with those of the lovers. They barely ever touch each other, and whatever they feel is never consummated. Their whole relationship, in fact, remains curiously stylized, and unembodied. Then after a week or so, they part, abruptly, and that's that.

According to the blurb, Miss Duras "has turned her back on conventional fictional techniques," and though it is never fair to judge an author by anything but his own writing, there *is* internal evidence that she has at least had extra-novelistic interests. Her dialogue, for instance, is mannered in a way obviously intended to impart "poetic reality," and the narrative itself is restricted to recording only what an objective eye or ear might perceive. Gestures, background sounds, changes of light are meticulously noted, but there is not a single venture inside Madame Desbaresdes's consciousness.

Now, of course, certain serious novelists—Henry Green, say—have been very interested in the effects this degree of studied limitation can secure, though even his experiments in "Doting" and "Nothing" have only tended to prove that the genius of the novel—old or new, Homer's or Joyce's—will continue to lie in its unique capacity to depict the human creature from the inside as well as the outside. But I'm afraid Miss Duras's book does not deserve to be considered in such a context. In France, "Moderato Cantabile" has just been released as a film, and the best explanation of its novelistic poverty would seem to be that it simply amounts to a fairly inert script printed in narrative form.

—ROBERT PHELPS.

"For heaven's sake! If you have something to say, say it."

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ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Presidents Don't Have to Be Quiz Champions

ONE MARK of an educated man is his ability to live comfortably and intelligently with the fact that he can't possibly know everything. He feels no shame about the fact that he may be as uninformed about a given subject as an uneducated man, for he has substantial access to an answer if he really needs it. The disadvantage of the uneducated man is that he may be thrown off the scent too easily; he may lose himself in unfamiliar terrain where he may grab at the first intelligible answer and not necessarily the most competent one. The advantage of the educated man is that his equipment includes a compass: he knows what a blind alley looks like; he doesn't clutter himself with facts beyond his needs; he knows the difference between near-authority and real authority.

The trouble with the Nixon-Kennedy television debates is that they run counter to the educational process. They require that a man keep his mouth moving whether he has something to say or not. It is made to appear that the worst thing that could happen to a candidate is to be caught without an instant answer to a complex question. Thoughtful silence is made to appear a confession of ignorance. Hanging over the debates, apparently, is a giant neon sign: Keep Talking Until Your Time Expires.

Why should it be considered a liability for a Presidential candidate to admit he doesn't know? Far more impressive, in fact, than an instant display by a candidate of his statistical knowledge of a problem would be a clear statement of how he would go about developing the responsible means of finding a responsible answer. Where would he turn for his source material? Who are the people he would consult? What is the basic philosophy that might underline his quest?

THE American people are not electing an Answer Man to the Presidency; if this is what they have in mind they should examine the rosters of the discarded quiz shows. They are electing a person who can deal with the fact of change in the modern world, involving new challenges and calling for new responses.

The television debates would have been far more useful if they had tested the men not just for facts but for values. Why wouldn't it have been relevant to find out what the basic yardsticks are that a President would use to measure a difficult situation? Does he have a sense of history? How much history does he know—not just about our own people but about many peoples? Does he know how to make a valid historical parallel, grasping the living principle and freeing himself of the clutter of meaningless names and dates? Apart from history, how much reading does he do? Can he cope with a closely knit, fully developed statement of a problem, or does he insist on one-page abstracts, skeleton keys, and punchy summaries that may be long on accessibility but short on substance?

More questions: Who are his heroes, past or present, and why? Who are the men in whose lives he finds nourishment for the moral imagination? What is his definition of greatness? How does a leader go about preparing a people for big decisions? What is his philosophy of leadership?

Is he able to identify himself with people—including people thousands of miles away whose good will has a greater bearing on our security than the size of our nuclear stockpiles? Is he a good listener? Is he able to attune himself to the inner cries of people who see their children being locked into the same disfigured, underdeveloped lives they themselves have known?

Does he have a sense of fun? Does he relish life and the regenerative power of laughter? Can he laugh at himself? Can he add to the joy of living of those around him? Does he know how to have a serious discussion with a child and a light exchange with a philosopher?

Obviously, questions such as these do not quite fit into the battle-station atmosphere of the present debates. A man ought to be allowed to sit back in his seat; he should not be made to feel he is committing the ultimate offense by thinking before he speaks; he might even be permitted to consult a book or look out the window.

If we want to take the full measure of a man for the most important job in history—a job that affects the basic safety and welfare of the total community of the living—then we ought to be prepared to ask fundamental questions and exercise patience while he essays a reasoned reply. If we want knowledge without values, we can find it in almanacs. If we want information without motivation, we can get it in computers. But if we are looking for leadership, then the first test is for character. —N.C.

How and Why

By Robert Graves

HOW and why
Poets die,
That's a dismal tale:
Some take a spill
On Guinea Hill,
Some drown in ale.
Some get lost
At sea, or crossed
In love with cruel witches;
Yet some attain
Long life and reign
Like Popes among their riches.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE BOOK BOOM

R. W. Apple's article, "The Gold Rush on Publishers' Row" [*SR*, Oct. 8], was interesting, informative, and extremely accurate. Unlike many articles on the book publishing industry that are frequently grossly inaccurate, Mr. Apple's report was refreshing to come upon. I know a little about some of the things he wrote about; he's obviously a good researcher.

William E. Buckley.

New York, N. Y.

The piece on book publishing was especially interesting to one who has been out of the book business for a few years. It brought to mind the time I saw a salesman from one of the New York publishers come into the Princeton University bookstore. One of the clerks greeted him with, "I see your company has merged with another house." "Well," he answered, "I've been out of the city for an hour, so it could be."

Mrs. C. L. Fleece.

Fayette, Mo.

SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

Robert Shaplen's article about Samuel I. Newhouse [*SR*, Oct. 8] states that the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* is losing ground to the *Globe-Democrat*. Any comparison of gross revenue, circulation, advertising lineage, and amount of space devoted to news will show that the opposite is true. I imagine that Mr. Shaplen was passing on something he has heard or read. In any case, it's a mistake and one you would want to correct, I believe.

Tom Sherman.

St. Louis, Mo.

Editor's note: *SR is glad to make the correction. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, in our estimation, continues under Joseph Pulitzer to be one of the three or four finest papers being published in the U.S. We can think of no community that reflects more dramatically the advantages of an outstanding newspaper than St. Louis.*

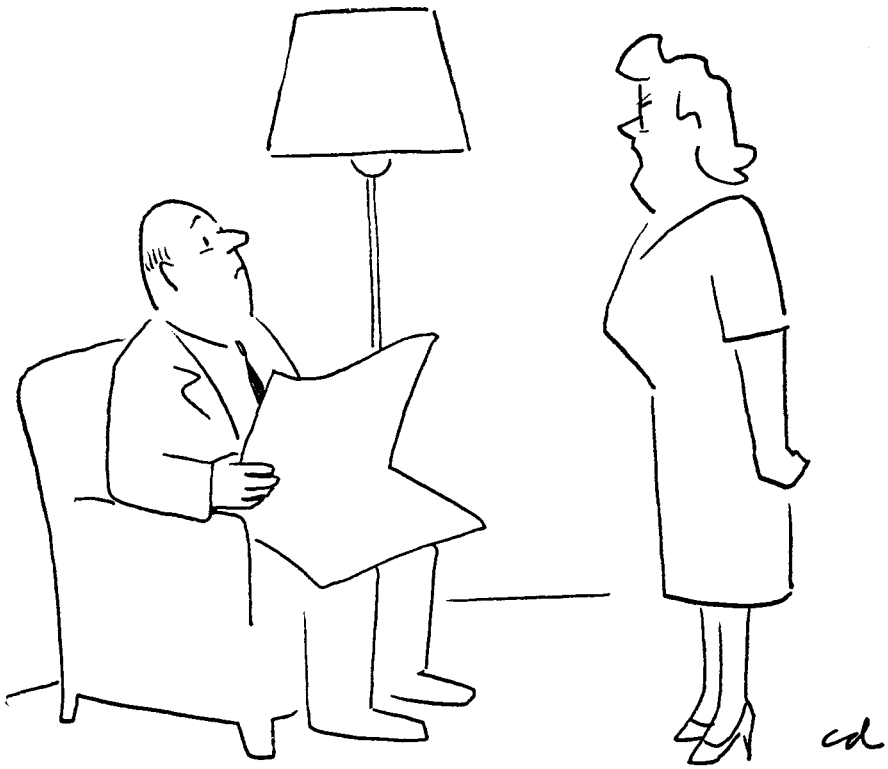
SIZED UP

It may not be proper to stand up, cheer loudly, and cry bravo when anyone as dignified as an associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court writes about a subject as serious as our competition with the Soviet Union. But after reading William O. Douglas's "Russia and the Superman Myth" [*SR*, Oct. 15] that's exactly what I feel like doing.

It's about time someone said something concrete and constructive. Who knows but that our next President may find the program of technological aid to underdeveloped lands worthy of expansion? Furthermore, if that President looks to college students who are about to graduate, he may find many willing and anxious to work hard for the underdeveloped lands.

Dee Morrison,
Tufts University.

Medford, Mass.



"Edgar, I'm renewing my membership in Lonelyhearts."

Justice Douglas cuts the Russian superman down to size in an inspiring, brilliant, down-to-earth fashion.

Mark Starr.

New York, N. Y.

FORMULA FOR SATIRE?

In his review of Ed Fisher's "Wine, Women and Woad" and my own novel, "The Sleep of Reason" [*SR*, Oct. 8], James Yaffee lays down some hard and fast rules for political satire and measures our novels against them. I wish I could be as sure as Yaffee seems to be that political satire is now, has been, and will always be just what he says it is. I wonder whether, as a novelist, Mr. Yaffee would be willing to submit to somebody's rules of the novel and write all his novels, thereafter, as a law-abiding artist.

Mr. Yaffee is upset that in writing an anti-McCarthy novel I did not give it balance by making it also an anti-Communist novel. At the time I wrote it (some six years ago, at the height of the witch-hunting madness), it seemed to me that no decent man could join that vast earthly choir of anti-Communists; there were more than enough of them and yet another anti-Communist tract was the last thing needed. I had one target: it was McCarthy and what he represented. That seemed to me the great domestic danger, and not a Communist Party whose leaders were in jail and whose ranks were dwindling day by day. More important, it was my belief (it still is) that to write an anti-McCarthy-anti-Communist novel would be to write nothing at all. I have the feeling that to follow Mr. Yaffee's rule of thumb means that part one cancels out part two.

Mr. Yaffee also advises me to exaggerate only what is true. I suspect that Mr. Yaffee, like so many others, has forgotten how fantastic truth becomes during our recurrent periods of national madness.

Warren Miller.

New York, N. Y.

CHEMISTRY LESSON

Please allow me to point out that in the October 15 Double-Crostic the definition of morphine as a derivative of a synthetic alkaloid is misleading. Morphine is actually a phenanthrene alkaloid component of opium, to which it gives its predominant pharmacological characteristics. There are, however, many synthetic derivatives of morphine discovered during research into its pharmacological properties and during the search for related compounds which would not have undesirable side effects.

Carlos F. Mendoza.

Boston, Mass.

Editor's note: *Well, back to the lab.*

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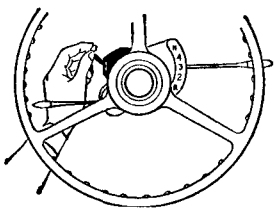
You adjust the shock absorbers to the changing road by flicking a switch on the new Rolls-Royce and Bentley

A brain-box that is polished with ground oat husks; cadmium-plated cotter pins; a walnut-trimmed interior that unites utter silence with the luxurious smell of leather—such are the tremendous trifles that make the Rolls-Royce so coveted at $15,655. Chassis is guaranteed three years.

THE Rolls-Royce and its fraternal twin, the Bentley, are designed for people who are determined to live well while in transit. There are few *reasonable* desires which the owner cannot satisfy by pressing a button, pulling a lever, or flicking a switch.

For example, if the road surface is not to your liking, you can, in effect, change it. A switch on the steering

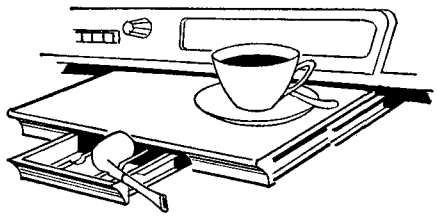


column lets you adjust the shock absorbers to suit driving conditions. You harden or soften the ride at will.

"Rough roads pass almost unnoticed," writes Gordon Wilkins, motoring correspondent of *The Observer*, "for they neither shock the occupants nor assail their ears with drumming noises."

If the noise from *other* cars distresses you, you can close the windows and still get fresh air through an efficient ventilating system. Within your Rolls-Royce, blessed silence reigns. You can converse in discreet whispers.

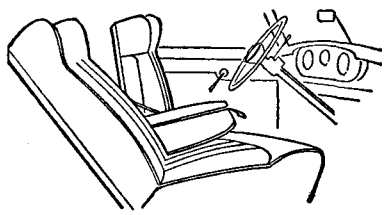
Three walnut picnic tables are among the graces of the Rolls-Royce



and Bentley. One slides out from the dash—an ideal place for a road map. Two others fold down behind the front seats. They make fine work surfaces upon which the children can rest their coloring books to keep them quietly amused on long trips.

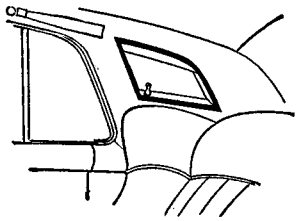
The rake of the front seats is *individually* adjustable. The driver can sit erect for a commanding view of the road while his companion reclines. Each has his own set of arm-rests which adjust to suit his fancy.

The seats are as cozy as club chairs. You *nestle* into them. They are cov-



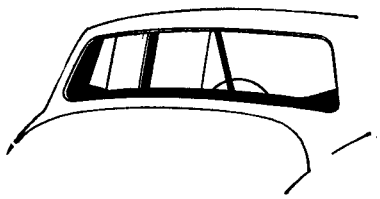
ered with the same English leather used on seats in the House of Commons. Eight hides are used—enough to make 128 pairs of shoes.

There are two illuminated vanity mirrors in niches in the rear quarters of the Rolls-Royce. Ladies may thus



perfect their make-up in privacy before leaving the car.

Here you see the rear window defroster. Or, rather, you do *not* see it. It consists of a heating element of 1,360 *nearly invisible* wires moulded



into the glass—wires finer than a human hair. At the flick of a switch, mist and frost are cleared electrically.

Much of the interior is surfaced with French walnut which has been hand-polished by English craftsmen. Notes are made on the hue and burl of the walnut used in each car, and are filed under your serial number. If a portion of the wood should ever be damaged, it can be matched flawlessly in grain and finish.

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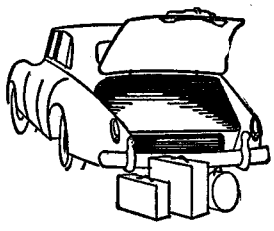
The Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II—$15,655 P.O.E.

The gas tank cannot be opened without the driver's consent. *You* unlock it electrically from a button on the dash. And you should never run out of gas. A green light on the instrument panel starts winking when your supply dwindles to the last three gallons.

Your luggage rides here in carpeted seclusion. It can never be soiled by the spare wheel, which occupies a *separate*



compartment under the luggage. You can test the air pressure in the spare through a special port without removing the tire.

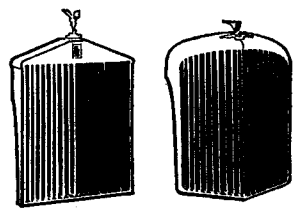
Under a hatch in the wheel compartment you will find an assortment of cadmium-plated tools and replacement bulbs. They rest in a fitted case of *sponge rubber*—further evidence of Rolls-Royce's obsession with peace and quiet.

Corrosion is held at bay by a plating of chromium or cadmium on every nut, bolt, washer and cotter pin. Even the tail pipe is chromed.

A dictating machine, an Espresso coffee maker, an electric razor, a bed, a telephone, and water for washing are available as optional extra conveniences.

The *basic* convenience of the Rolls-Royce is, of course, its magnificent riding qualities. Even at 100 m.p.h. (laws permitting) you have a feeling of sublime safety. Yet the 4700-pound car is delicately maneuverable.

The power-assisted steering is, according to Robert Glenton in the *Sunday Express,* "as delicate as the plop of a pearl into a glass of champagne. . . ." The power brakes will halt the car squarely from 100 m.p.h. without a tremor. And there are *three* independent brake linkages—two hydraulic and one mechanical. In the unlikely event that one linkage should fail, the others automatically keep the car under perfect control.



Here you see the only difference between the Rolls-Royce and the Bentley—their radiator design. In all other respects they are identical motor cars. The Bentley costs $300 less because its radiator is simpler to make.

If you desire the rewarding experience of driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, write Rolls-Royce, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, CIrcle 5-1144, or telephone to one of the dealers listed on page 38.

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Where to see ROLLS-ROYCE
You can see the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars advertised on page 36 at the following dealers. Or, write your nearest distributor (*).

ATLANTA, GA., Import Motors, Ltd., Inc., 46 North Ave., N.E.
BALTIMORE, MD., General Pontiac Corp., 3200 Reisterstown Rd.
BERKELEY, CAL., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 2655 Shattuck Ave.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF., Coventry Motors, 9334 Wilshire Blvd.
BOSTON, Foreign Motors, Inc., 1686 Commonwealth Ave.
BURLINGAME, CALIF., British Cars of Burlingame, 65 California Dr.
CHICAGO, Imperial Motors, Inc., 725 Green Bay Road, Wilmette
CINCINNATI, Charles Raymond, Inc., 3813 Montgomery Road
CLEVELAND, Salter Automotive Imports, Inc., 16222 Chagrin Blvd., Shaker Heights
COLUMBUS, Jan Ross Motor Co., Inc., 247-257 E. Broad St.
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, Williamson Motor Co., 1224 N. Chaparral St.
DALLAS, Hulsey-Proctor Foreign Cars, 1701 Ross Ave.
DENVER, The Kumpf Motor Car Co., W. 12th Ave. and Acoma. Cherry Creek Imports, 190 St. Paul
DETROIT, Falvey Motor Sales Co., 22600 Woodward Ave.
*FORT WORTH, Overseas Motors Corp., 2824-30 White Settlement Rd.
GLENDALE, CALIF., Satori, Inc., 143 So. Glendale Ave.
GREENVILLE, S. C., Judson T. Minyard, Inc., 533 No. Pleasantburg Drive
HARTFORD, Russ Sceli, Inc., 80 Maple Ave.
HOUSTON, Houston Motor Corp., 2955 Kirby Drive
INDIANAPOLIS, Schaler-Waters, 2000 North Meridian
KANSAS CITY, MO., Allied Motors, Inc., Baltimore at 16th St.
KUTZTOWN, PA., Nick Ciliberti Pontiac, 601 E. Main St.
LONG BEACH, CALIF., C. Standlee Martin, 1227 American Ave.
*LOS ANGELES, Peter Satori Co., Ltd., 325 W. Colorado St., Pasadena
LOUISVILLE, Koster-Swope Imports, 501 E. Broadway
MEMPHIS, Pryor Oldsmobile Co., 2525 Summer Ave.
MIAMI, Waco Motors, 1301 W. Flagler St.
MONTEREY, CALIF., Foreign Motors of Monterey, 777 Del Monte Ave.
NEW ORLEANS, Gimma Imports, 2226 Canal St.
*NEW YORK, J. S. Inskip, Inc., 304 E. 64th St.
OAKLAND, CALIF., British Motor Cars Distrs. Ltd. 3068 Broadway
PALM BEACH, Taylor Imported Motors, 1314 So. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach
*PASADENA, Peter Satori Co., Ltd., 325 W. Colorado St.
PHILADELPHIA, Warrington Motors Imports, Inc., 705 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr
PITTSBURGH, Haller's Motorfair, 427 Washington Rd.
PORTLAND, OREGON, Pacific Imported Cars, Inc. 1638 W. Burnside St.
PROVIDENCE, J. S. Inskip, Inc., 776 Elmwood Ave.
RENO, Wm. Harrah's Modern Classic Motors, 232 Lake St.
RICHMOND, VA., Mooers Motor Car Co., 1114 North Blvd.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Oxford Motors Limited, 15th & "I" Sts.
ST. LOUIS, Gruet Motor Car Co., 4733 McPherson St.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Schneider Motors Co., Pleasant at Kellogg St.
SAN ANTONIO, Smith Motor Imports, 1912 Broadway
SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Balboa Motors, 15th & Broadway
*SAN FRANCISCO, British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd. 1200 Van Ness Ave.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF., Peter Satori of Santa Barbara, Inc., 418 State St.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Brentwood Motor Co. 2610 Wilshire Blvd.
SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Van Curler Motor Co., Inc. 123 Washington St.
SEATTLE, British Motor Car Distrs. Inc., 620 Spokane St.
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 2679 No. Main St.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Flood Pontiac Co., 4221 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
WICHITA, KAN., Wichita Sports Car Center 1214-20 E. Douglas
WILKES-BARRE, PA., Lewis Wolfe, Inc., Gateway Shopping Center, Kingston Branch

TV AND RADIO

Time for All Good Teachers

IF YOU were a splinter-party candidate for state office in most states, your opportunity to present your case to the voters on commercial television and radio would probably depend upon the size of your bankroll. This year, for the first time, the local stations are not required to grant all qualified candidates equal free time, due to the FCC's temporary suspension of the celebrated Section 315 of the Communications Act. But in Wisconsin, without even a dime, you could get your share of the free and equal time being granted to all candidates on WHA, the University of Wisconsin's educational radio station. For three weeks prior to election day, the Madison station (which says it is the oldest in the country) broadcasts political talks by all state candidates in fifteen-minute periods twice day. Two AM outlets carry the talks on a state-wide network. Drawings for preferential time periods are held each year in the chambers of Wisconsin's Secretary of State. The state chairmen of all parties (or their representatives) are present, and the occasion is one of formality and dignity.

WHA also gives equal free time to all candidates in state primaries. The station's Political Education Forums have been a campaign-time tradition since 1932. This custom fits the presumed role of an educational broadcaster, and you would think it might be standard practice for all nonsponsored broadcasters at the local level. Actually, however, William Harley, president of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, says that WHA may well be the only educational radio station that gives time to candidates in elections. I talked to him recently at the NAEB's new offices in Washington, D. C. At best, no more than one or two other stations might be doing it, he said. This astonishing vacuum in educational broadcasting is not generally the choice of the program directors or staffs of the NAEB member stations. Many individual broadcasters are restive in the situation and have guilty feelings about their behavior. Nevertheless, in some cases they are expressly forbidden to get into politics by edicts of state legislatures, boards of regents, or institutional trustees. In other cases, they are frankly wary of nettling the top political party in their state. Some are cautious lest they be accused of unfair balance or partisanship. Whatever the reasons, the spectacle presented is one of timidity in unexpected places. It is not a healthy condition for education in a political democracy.

The FCC suspended Section 315 at the urgent request of the commercial broadcasters and many others who thought it would be a good thing for political broadcasting. The suspension enables the networks to put on such features as the Nixon-Kennedy debates without having to grant equal time to alleged crackpot and splinter candidates. It seems to me, however, that the result is an attrition of the already constricted political spectrum in the United States. It has become trite to point out that a debate requires an issue, and it has become even triter to note the absence of any penetrating differences presented by the two candidates for President. Any real issues lie between the two major parties and the political outsiders, however crackpot these outsiders may appear to the contemporary consensus. Our Independence heroes were all "crackpots" to King George.

AT A time when the major TV and radio stations are opting for more and more of the same thing, there are many who are looking hopefully to the educational broadcasters to brace their shoulders against the closing doors. It is a serious disappointment to discover that their performance is even worse than that of their commercial brethren who have an understandable motive for not being bothered with full-scale political spectrums. On almost all of the educational TV and radio stations, even the *major* parties don't get any time.

Frankly, it's time the educational program staffs showed some fight. They know that their biggest audiences gather for the "controversial" programs that audiences simply can't get anywhere else. The educational broadcasters are maturing, becoming more adept at their craft, branching out into new and important areas. But unless they can overcome this serious conservatism, their best efforts will be handicapped. Broadcasters are beginning to learn that the world does not come apart at the seams if something they say on the air has some responsible vigor. It's time for all good teachers to grow up, too.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Hot Ideas and Cold Heroes

THE new musical based on the late Samuel Hopkins Adams's novel, "**Tenderloin,**" might have been a delightfully sardonic treatment of all the absurdity and hypocrisy that go with "reform." Indeed, we see flashes of this when prostitutes living tawdry lives chirp with mock daintiness a warning to leave "Little Old New York" the way it is, when the leaders of the community grasp at the face of respectability but live on the profits of vice, and when a Horatio Alger boy makes his way up in the world not by honesty and good morals, but by double-dealing and aggressive opportunism.

Collaborators George Abbott, Sheldon Harnick, and Jerry Bock have achieved some of this in short bursts of fun and insight. The show's leading character, Tommy Howatt, is amusing as he sings the corny "Artificial Flowers," a parody of all tear-jerkers, in an audition for a spot on a fancy church choir. A trio of tacky tarts chanting the saucily comic "Reform" is sharply comic. And Maurice Evans is highly entertaining as a crusading minister in a Weber and Fields disguise who joins in an "Old MacDonald" song that joyfully proves that vice and graft are the keys to making money change hands and spreading prosperity.

But this best of the evening comes in too short jabs, and the show in general seems to pull in a variety of directions. About halfway through the second act, someone realizes that the audience hasn't become more than superficially interested in either Tommy, the colorless heel, or Reverend Brock, the merry minister, and we are treated to a stock sentiment about the prostitute with a heart of gold as Eileen Rodgers sings, with breathy emotional fulness, "My Gentle Young Johnny." Unfortunately Mr. Evans and Ron Hussman, who plays Tommy, have no such opportunity to move us.

To add style, Cecil Beaton has designed frivolous settings in outrageous colors. The girls sport grotesque combinations of heavy eye shadow, rouge, and lipstick. Joe Layton stages the sarcastic dances hilariously, but is less successful at finding interesting or vital routines for Eddie Phillips and Lee Becker, two of Broadway's best dancers. "Tenderloin" doesn't fall flat on its rump, but it is no sizzling platter either.

The jumble of forces and counterforces that can push a decent man of principle into becoming a cold-blooded popular hero is not easy to dramatize. For the real drama lies less in the events and the enacting of the external pressures than in the private thoughts and feelings of the protagonist. In his new play, "**Face of a Hero**" (based on Pierre Boulle's novel), Robert L. Joseph has worked hard to give us the color of the characters and events surrounding a young county prosecutor who finds himself building up a murder charge against the town's unpopular wealthy degenerate. The prosecutor begins with great reluctance because he was the only witness to the dead girl's suicide. Then, gradually, he develops a schizoid attitude in which David Poole, the prosecutor-hero, erases David Poole, the human being.

BUT what Mr. Joseph has not done is to reveal to us much of the inner feelings of David Poole. Possibly this omission was deliberate; the playwright's intention may have been merely to indict society for using justice to suit its ends rather than as an instrument of absolute legality. But the indictment is weakened by extenuating factors. For the degenerate *is* morally guilty of having pushed the girl to suicide, and legally guilty of unpunished past crimes. And it can be argued that the prosecutor's popularly successful defiance of political influence to obtain the death penalty is not only a courageous act, but is also in the interests of a democratic society.

As the tight-lipped prosecutor, Jack Lemmon fails to reflect any impressive degree of contrast between the face of the simple David Poole and that of the final "hero." But the supporting cast makes the most of more colorfully written roles. George Grizzard succeeds in making the young degenerate the most attractive character in the play. Ellen Holly uses her soft beauty to express the vulnerability of a Negro girl who finds that her faith in simple justice is complicated by the tide of social revenge in the hearts of the people of her oppressed race. Albert Dekker's frustrated police chief, James Donald's weak, cynical assistant prosecutor, Kip McArdle's cheap-talking but honest witness, Edward Asner's sleazy barkeep, Edwin Sherin's frightened medical examiner, and Betsy Blair's forlorn, well-bred wife are all memorable faces in a play that tends to present not much more than the face of a story.

In Cambridge, Harvard University has a brand new theatre audaciously designed by Hugh Stubbins and George Izenour. Called the Loeb Drama Center after its principal donor, John L. Loeb, it features a 588-seat auditorium which in fifteen minutes can be mechanically changed from a picture-frame stage (audience on one side of the action) to a center stage (audience on two opposite sides) or to an open stage (audience on three sides). Upstairs there is a laboratory room with facilities for hanging lights and scenic elements. This will be used by the students in faculty-directed theatre study and experiment, which like football will carry no credit toward a degree.

The inaugural production at the large theatre is the Harvard Dramatic Club's mounting of Shakespeare's "**Troilus and Cressida.**" The play was selected from a half-dozen suggested by the Faculty Committee on Dramatics, one of whose members, English instructor Daniel Seltzer, plays Ulysses alongside a cast of Harvard men and Radcliffe women. Another committee member is the play's director, Stephen Aaron, who holds the post of assistant director, under Associate Professor Robert Chapman, director of the Center. Mr. Aaron has chosen to offer this play on an open stage projecting out of a picture-frame stage on which he has placed landscaped platforms.

The result does not fully overcome the handicaps of using relatively inexperienced actors on material that even the professionals at Stratford on Avon were unable to make very dramatic. However, because these young minds insist upon thinking their way through the play's metaphysics, they succeed in exposing Shakespeare's philosophy to us more thoroughly than did the aforementioned professional production.

IT will require several trips to Cambridge to evaluate the theatre itself, and obviously it will take Harvard some trial and error before it learns how best to use its handsome new structure. Nonetheless, with "Troilus and Cressida" it exercises the minds and bodies of some of its students and at the same time offers the college community an intelligent production of a difficult classic. That this may deliberately be the extent of Harvard's ambitions for the Loeb Drama Center is possibly suggested by the recent announcement that Archibald MacLeish, a member of Harvard's Faculty Committee on Dramatics, will entrust his next new play to the Drama Department at Yale, where the actors are full-time students of their profession.

—HENRY HEWES.

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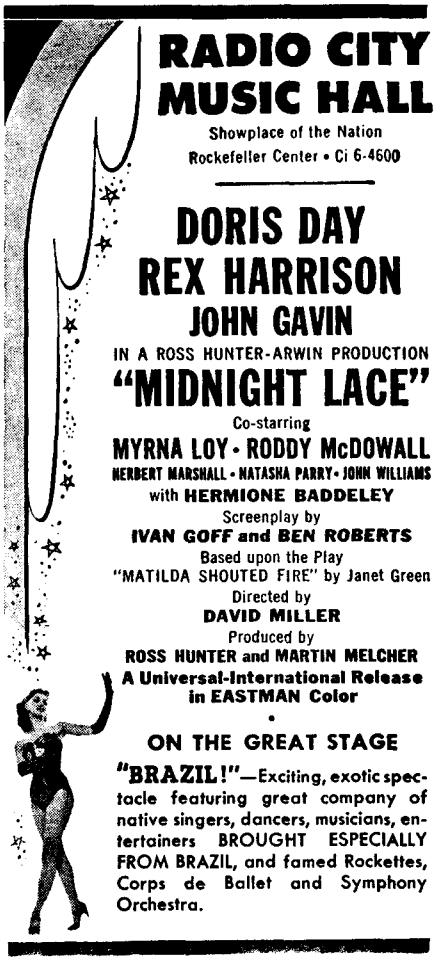

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Westerns, King-Size and Regular

FEW producers these days are willing to admit that they are working on a Western. They will concede perhaps that their picture has a Western background, that it utilizes the scenic splendors of America's mountains and mesas, its vast deserts and eye-filling plains. But, they will go on, it is really a universal drama that just happens to be set in the West. It is a story of man's courage, his refusal to accept defeat. It points the moral that violence begets violence, or that intolerance begets intolerance. What they stress is the theme, not the locale.

The effect is a kind of left-handed compliment to the most enduring of all film forms. Ever since "The Great Train Robbery," the West has afforded a setting that tends to throw moral values into immediate relief. Invariably, the audience is urged to take sides—and, just as invariably, the side it is urged to take stands for truth, freedom, justice, and nonviolence. True, many a gunfighter has been made a hero, but a tragic hero. Although fighting on the side of right, he can never live to enjoy its triumph.

Examples of this type of hero are to be found in **"The Magnificent Seven,"** rather ingeniously adopted by William Roberts from Akira Kurosawa's film of a few years back, and vigorously directed by John Sturges. Bosley Crowther referred to the earlier version as a "Japanese horse opera"; and although the locale has now been shifted to Mexico, the "horse opera" appellation seems even more appropriate. The seven samurai translate effectively into seven gunslinging adventurers who accept the invitation of a Mexican village to help the inhabitants defend themselves against the annual depradations of a bandit gang. They do their job; some die, none profit. To underline the moral, the youngest of them, a would-be gunfighter, changes his mind at the last moment and stays with the villagers. He, at least, will have roots.

Despite the Orozco peasants, native potteries, and semitropical vegetation of the hill country near Cuernavaca, however, the film remains closer to the spirit of "Shane" and other big-budgeted cow-country epics than to the exotica of its Japanese source. Kurosawa gave over a good deal of his footage to the backgrounds and motivations of his seven samurai; in the adaptation, true to Western tradition, the men appear out of nowhere and work for "the cause" on impulse. As a result, their selfless nobility in sacrificing themselves for an increasingly unappreciative community becomes a little hard to believe. Nevertheless, when the action takes over, Sturges guides it with a firm hand and a sharp eye for pictorial excitement. And, from a polyglot cast that includes Eli Wallach (masterfully sustaining a Mexican dialect), Yul Brynner (once more a Cajun), Steve McQueen, and young Horst Buchholz, he draws uniformly strong performances. Elmer Bernstein's score, incorporating Mexican themes and instrumentation, adds its own spice to the flavor of the piece.

GORDON KAY, at Universal-International, is that exception that proves the rule, a producer who comes right out and says that he is making Western pictures—and on what is by today's standards a relatively low budget at that. "Our studio used to make them," he said recently, "then dropped them altogether to concentrate on big, expensive pictures. But we soon discovered that a program of a few big pictures a year wasn't enough to support a large sales organization. So we revived our Westerns."

Mr. Kay, an urbane and civilized man, goes so far as to admit that he has worked out a formula for his pictures. "A clear-cut, simple theme, and a clean, simple plot line—that's all it takes," he says. Audie Murphy is the star to whom he has hitched his vehicles; and his current effort is a tidy, unpretentious, rather off-beat little Western titled **"Seven Ways from Sundown."** Written by Clair Huffaker, a name familiar to devotees of paperback fiction, it features Murphy as a grim-jawed young deputy sent out to capture a notorious killer (Barry Sullivan). He makes his capture, but on the long trek back to Texas finds himself increasingly drawn to his brave, resourceful, good-humored quarry. Even after Murphy learns that the man had killed his brother, he is prepared to believe that there may have been mitigating circumstances.

Murphy's dilemma is, as Mr. Kay would put it, clear-cut and simple. Should he put his personal feelings for the man before his social responsibility? Needless to say, his sense of duty wins out. In Westerns it invariably does. And that is what makes the form particularly refreshing today.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Down in the Depths at 30,000 Feet

A TRUE man of the jet age, Jay Genug thought little of flying the Atlantic, which had become as commonplace for him as flying between the coasts. His business took him abroad with some frequency and, being an adventuresome type, he tried various international airlines, just as one in the habit of dining out might choose restaurants. Having heard that Escargot Airlines had recently received its jets, Genug booked space on an early-evening flight. Since his firm paid for his transportation, Genug, like most businessmen, was in the habit of traveling first class. He would have preferred to take a day flight across the ocean because he knew from experience that a flight that leaves New York in the evening and crosses the Atlantic in six or seven hours arrives in Europe early in the morning. Most airlines are so eager to outdo each other in serving food that the passengers are up all night eating. Travelers arrive on the Continent overstuffed and underslept and, unless they have reserved a room beginning the night before, they find themselves arriving at their hotel at about nine in the morning with a three- or four-hour wait until the current occupants are required to check out.

While early-evening departures proved in this regard a disadvantage, there was, on the other hand, the obvious advantage of being able to put in a full business day before leaving for Europe. This, on the day of his departure, Genug did and was grateful for it, but just before leaving his office at five o'clock in order to pick up luggage and get to the field in time for a seven o'clock departure, he was notified that his flight had been delayed until midnight. This turn of events would prove, as Genug well knew, severely complicating. For one thing, the plane of Escargot Airlines would now land in its home city, Jambon-sur-Rye, about noon local time. He would miss his onward connection to Gorgonzola. The car he had ordered to meet him on his arrival at that ultimate destination had to be headed off. So, too, had the people who were to meet him.

All those necessary alterations took him considerable time and some frantic telephoning, since most of the offices in town had already closed and it was difficult for him to reach anyone. At home he ate a cold sandwich and at 10 P.M., before leaving for the airport, he decided to call the airline once more. It was lucky he did, because he now learned that fog had settled in at Idlewild Airport and the plane, which had been delayed five hours in its departure from Jambon-sur-Rye for New York by a double strike of the caterers and the tower control personnel in Europe, now had to be diverted to Boston because of weather in New York. Another plane of the same line had sat down at Goose Bay, Labrador, to await an improvement in conditions. The new departure time was eleven the next morning. Wondering why the airline hadn't called *him*, Genug now set about canceling all the new reservations he had made earlier in the evening. He set the alarm clock for eight the next morning and slept fitfully.

Early the next morning Genug dialed the airline number, which he now knew by heart, and once more heard the ring and then the mechanical voice say, as it had said each time he called before, "This is a recorded message. All the lines are occupied. Please hold the wire." When a live voice finally came on the line it told Genug that the plane that had landed in Boston was still there but was expected to come to New York at half-past eleven. The plane that was at Goose Bay was in all likelihood still there, it said, and the new departure of Escargot's flight of seven o'clock the previous night, bound for Jambon-sur-Rye, was now set for 2 P.M. "Please be at the airport at one," the voice said.

JUST before leaving for the airport at noon, Genug called once more and, after listening to the mechanical voice, was ultimately told by the live voice that the departure time was unchanged. He asked what time the plane would get in, and the girl said it would get in six and a half hours after it left New York, and that it was either six hours earlier or six hours later in Europe, she never really knew which. He said the way he had it figured out they would arrive in Jambon in the middle of the night and he would need a hotel room. The girl said she would take care of that and he reminded her it might be difficult because it was the time of the big Truffle Festival in Jambon and rooms were hard to get.

When Genug arrived at the handsome departure station at Idlewild he found it full of milling people. In fact, there were so many people from so many delayed flights that he found it odd that only one man was on duty checking in passengers' luggage, and only one man assigning seats in the airplane. There was a big and rather frantic crowd around the seat man. By the time Genug had had his baggage checked in and had taken his place in line in front of the dispenser of seats, he found the minutes on the clock ticking dangerously close to two o'clock, which was to have been the departure time. When his turn finally came at the counter, Genug presented his first-class ticket. The seat assigner looked at the ticket, looked at his seat plan, and instead of giving Genug his boarding card rang a buzzer and asked Genug to stand aside. Although he was a seasoned traveler, or perhaps because of it, his heart dropped. The clock had now gone past two, the crowd had thinned, and still he stood. Once more he approached the desk and asked what this meant. The seat man said Genug would have to take the matter up with his supervisor

FINALLY the supervisor arrived, a lean, unsmiling man with a crew cut and a corduroy suit. He told Genug that the plane from Boston had never arrived, but with great effort they had finally got the plane down from Goose Bay. Two flights had to be combined in one airplane and the people who were on hand were given preference in the seating. Smoke was now appearing in small wisps from Genug's ears, but, trying to control his voice, he asked, "Does this mean I am not on the airplane?" "We can take care of you in economy section," the supervisor said. "And that is the last seat available." Genug had so many commitments abroad by now that although the thought of canceling the whole thing was an enormous temptation he decided to take the seat. Arrival time in Jambon-sur-Rye was figured out to be about 2:45 in the morning. Genug told the supervisor he would have to have a hotel room and new connecting reservations to Gorgonzola. The supervisor said he would try, but of course it was the season of the Truffle Festival at Jambon. He would promise nothing. Genug considered the advantages of gouging out the supervisor's right eye, but stifled the urge and joined the long line that was creeping down the stairway inch by inch and spilling out onto the field, up onto the ramp that led to the tail section of the big jet.

He took his place in the next-to-the-last row of the economy-class cabin, which comprised sixteen rows of three seats abreast on both sides of the aisle, or ninety-six people in all. The

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first-class compartment was sealed off, and he had no way of knowing how much better those who had been tapped for seats there were faring. The airplane, which was called *The Fortress of Carcassonne*, began to roll down the runway at 3:15 in the afternoon, and as it rumbled along with its enormous load Genug couldn't help thinking there was about as much chance of getting *The Fortress of Carcassonne* off the ground as its non-winged namesake. Somewhat to his surprise, but also to his relief, it rose into the air. Across from him a young mother put her infant child, a boy he came soon to know by his name, which was Boris, into a canvas hammock that swung from the overhead rack, barely clearing the heads of the people underneath. Boris's father, for reasons known best to the high commissioner of seating, was jammed in the window seat of the row just ahead, alongside two people unknown to him, but over whom he was to vault many times.

THERE soon came a muffled announcement over the loudspeaker about lifejackets, which Genug couldn't hear. There was no demonstration of how to put the jacket on, so he wouldn't have been sure how it was fitted even if he had heard where it was located in case he needed it. However, he did find a handsomely printed set of instructions in many languages that assured him that his *schwimmweste*, or *cintura di salvataggio*, or what have you, was placed, as the English text had it, "within your reach."

Of the three people who were sitting in front of Genug, one, a young Negro in a sports shirt, put his nose in a paperback edition of the Bible, and the others, a couple, ordered double Scotches. Women coming down the aisle never failed to stop and say a few kindly words to Boris, especially when he was being held by his mother. The aisle was extremely narrow, and the continuous line of chin-chuckers bent over Boris obscured Genug's view of the rest of the cabin. Shielded from cabin life by the wall of visiting *derrières*, there was little left to Genug but sleep. Just as he was dozing off he saw one steward and one hostess, cabin attendants who had been assigned to care for the ninety-six passengers, push a cart filled with liquors up the aisle. They commenced serving at the head of the cabin as Genug fell asleep.

A clanking of glass waked him. The whisky wagon was at his elbow. He look at his watch. An hour had passed. All but twelve passengers, of whom he was one, had now been served with highballs, aperitifs, or bottles of wine. The cart sealed off the aisle, and the strangest sight to Genug was the queue of seven passengers that had formed behind it, all of them on their slow way to one of the two lavatories in the tail of the plane. They never got there until the rolling bar had slaked the thirst of the last man.

As the cart passed, passengers were advised to buy wine for dinner, but the white wine was all gone by the time the bar got to Genug, so he settled for water. Water was available in individual tins at each seat, and when he opened his can, a fine geyser arched into the air and descended on Boris's mother. She smiled, baring her eye teeth. Eventually the steward and the stewardess rumbled another cart up the aisle and, starting again at the front of the cabin, they pulled dinner trays out of the racks and distributed them at the seats. When the stewardess finally put a tray of cold meat down in front of Genug, it was a quarter past five, New York time. Genug, who hadn't had any lunch, thought it was a little early for dinner. He could scarcely have been more sorely tried had he been tried for manslaughter, a homicidal thought that occurred to him at the time. The lunch or dinner trays, whichever, were placed on small tables which unfolded out of the back of the seat in front. Genug's tray was attached to the seat of the Bible reader, but the woman in the seat alongside him supped at the mercy of the lady of the double Scotches sitting in the seat ahead. As soon as the hostess had filled the coffee cups, the lady of the Scotches decided she would lean back and take a long liquorous snooze. The woman sitting next to Genug was engulfed in a spring flood of coffee. In an effort to assist her, Genug extricated himself from his own tray, and when he reported the incident to the steward to ask for succor, he was, without a word, handed three paper cocktail napkins.

A short time later the double Scotch lady decided that fully reclined was not so comfortable a position after all, and, getting up to walk down the aisle, she tripped over the flight bag of the Bible reader and, arms flailing, fell headlong across the aisle. If an ample tourist had not been bending south into Genug's face while goggling Boris, that child would have come a cropper in his hammock, victim of a flailing arm of a falling lady.

There having been no announcement from the pilot—though there surely must have been *somebody* up there—Genug had no idea how far the plane had flown. The aisles had cleared and the activity in the cabin had slowed down in the lull after dinner, when an announcement at last came over the loudspeaker. It was not, as Genug at first thought, the captain from the flight deck, but the steward from the galley announcing to all tourist-class passengers that anyone wishing to buy cigarettes, whisky, or Cognac could now present himself to the rear of the airplane. The big jet never wavered as the passengers came tumbling out of their seats and flooded to the rear. They almost bowled over Boris's father, who had extricated himself from his window seat by a dexterous motion not unlike a leap on the parallel bars, and, having jumped over his two seatmates, was now perched alongside his wife, with whom he was alternately cuddling and holding hands. People who, during this lively sales period, had thoughts of visiting the lavatories found those two meccas sealed off. When the line thinned, a new call came over the loudspeaker, this time announcing that although Scotch and cigarettes were sold out there still was a small but fast-vanishing stock of cognac. A few stragglers answered. Once more, all was quiet. The steward went forward to collect some bills and Genug decided the plane must be approaching Jambon-sur-Rye. He started for the washroom to freshen up, only to be overtaken in the aisle by the steward, who shoved him aside and dashed ahead of him. "Excuse *me*," said Genug with some indignation. "We have to do our work," snapped the steward and, edging himself into the galley which had been his sales counter, he told Genug, "Everything's closed. You can't buy anything." Genug disappeared into the lavatory and would have tied knots in all the towels, had any been left.

SOON the big plane began to take huge bites out of the heights that separated it from the ground. The seat belt sign went on. Boris's mother emerged in a whole new outfit, and the stewardess's voice came over the loudspeaker with the word that the lights visible out of the left side of the plane were those of Jambon-sur-Rye. Genug, naturally, was on the right side of the plane. After the landing he rummaged through the closet for his own coat, and stumbled down the ramp into the raw morning air. It was a quarter to three in the morning. Escargot Airlines had made the crossing, once it had got in the air, in six and a half hours. He wandered into the terminal, manned by sleepy clerks, to see whether anyone had arranged for a hotel room for what remained of the night. He was ready to admit, if someone had pressed him on the point, that there were times in the life of a man of the jet age when flying was for the *oiseaux*.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Welcome "Nabucco"—Richter—Egk—Foss

THE motto of every prudent opera director must be "When in doubt, give Verdi." Rudolf Bing added daring to prudence in beginning his eleventh Metropolitan Opera season with "Nabucco," which has had to wait its turn here behind thirteen other works of the master. When the content of twenty-nine year-old composer's first success was fully spelled out by a highly competent cast, "Nabucco" was clearly a work prophetic not only of Zaccaria's faith in the resurgence of the oppressed Jews, but equally prophetic of the Resurgence Verdi was to accomplish in Italian opera.

Here was a revival of the spirit (if not always the letter) of a work in which Verdi was not only confirmed in his chosen career, but also brought face to face with impulses which were to dominate his career: love of country, filial devotion, defiance of oppression, the spiritual release of prayer. The words and characters in which Temistocle Splera clothed the theatrical treatment of the Biblical tragedy of Nebuchadnezzar would have long since been forgotten had not Verdi given them life and animation with the compelling force of his genius. The influence of such contemporaries as Rossini and Donizetti is plain, but give him such words as "figlia," "patria," "guerra," "Signor" (as applied to God) and the ears quiver with recognition of Verdian emotions familiar to all in their perfected form in "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Traviata" and "Don Carlo."

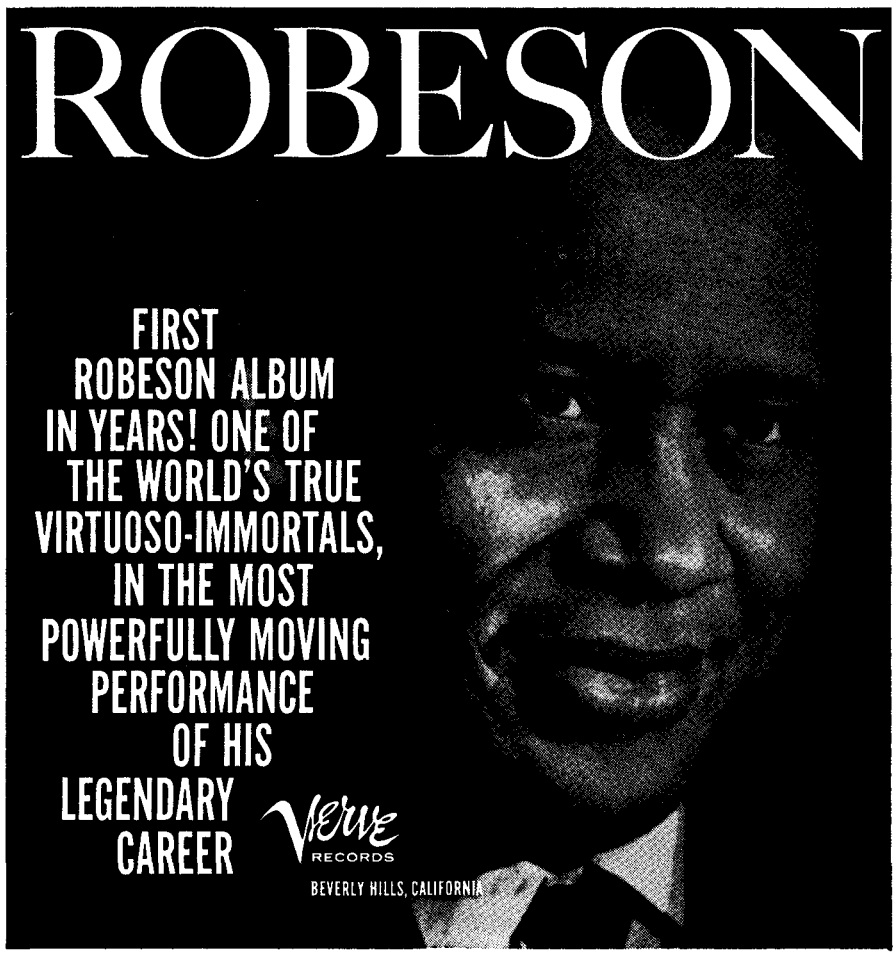
Nabucco himself is the first "Verdi Baritone," in the line of Rigoletto, Germont, and especially Amonasro—all fathers (of daughters, incidentally)—to whose instincts Verdi gave an utterance unknown to any other composer. Indeed, it is with his words "Oh! mia figlia" in the second act, that Verdi bursts the bonds that tied him to the past, surges into a new world of rarefied eloquence which he made his own. Here, too, Cornell MacNeil staked out his claim for consideration in the great line of Verdi baritones which have enriched the Metropolitan public in a performance not unworthy of the late Leonard Warren, whose assignment this originally was.

With its choral emphasis (beautifully sustained by the excellent group trained by Kurt Adler) and lack of real dramatic continuity, "Nabucco" is resistant rather than responsive to dramatic animation. Gunther Rennert, who showed his directorial hand for the first time in New York with this work, brought a new sense of amplitude to the Metropolitan stage by concentrating on its width rather than its depth. Each section (the original four acts were telescoped into three) was treated as a tableux, within scenic design by Teo Otto and Wolfgang Roth which were pictorial rather than realistic, but effectively so. Steps and risers contributed not only to the swift rearrangement of personnel, but also to the excellent accoustical effect of the choral singing well directed by Thomas Schippers, whose musical coming-of-age accorded with Verdi's own.

Happily, too, the first performance found all the principals at close to maximum vocal excellence: one could hardly hear a better Zaccaria than Cesare Siepi or a more melting sound for Fenena than Rosalind Elias's. The thoughtful omissions from the written requirements of Abigaille made Leonie Rysanek's task somewhat easier, but it remains a part beyond any contemporary soprano save, perhaps, Maria Callas at her best. Miss Rysanek rode the high range with power and quality, stinting some detail elsewhere. As characterization, it dealt mostly in broad generalizations, but it gave strength where strength was indispensable. Eugenio Fernandi showed a surprising grasp of the tenor requirements for Ismaele, and Bonaldo Giaiotti produced a bass sound of promising richness in his debut in the brief role of the High Priest. There will be other opportunities to value this "Nabucco" in detail, but the sum of it is a production which adds knowledge of, and esteem for, the genius of Giuseppe Verdi, a good night's work for any opera enterprise.

WITH two of the five recitals with which Sviatoslav Richter chose to introduce himself in Carnegie Hall now history, it is clear that in following an all-Beethoven recital with an all-Prokofiev program this sizable artist was proceeding from strength to strength. Poles apart as these composers are, the Russian visitor proved that a mighty technique, a profound understanding of their pianistic needs, and a rigorous sense of musical purpose can span the gap of time and temperament that separates the two composers.

The Prokofiev program, in particular, broke new ground for many by avoiding the composer's earliest, well-known works ("Suggestions diaboliques," etc.) or the latest that have gained favor. It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concentrated instead on the "Sonatine pastorale" and "Paysage" of Opus 59, the third of the "Pensées" (Opus 62), and the Sixth Sonata (Opus 82), all written soon after the composer resumed residence in the USSR in 1934. It was exhilarating to hear their extended lyric line and harmonic subtleties (so prophetic of what was to come in the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Symphonies) expounded by one with Richter's immense authority, flair, and pianistic power. The color and vibrance of the sound he produced reaffirmed (for some who had heard the composer's own performances here) that the equation "Prokofiev" = "percussive" is as false as any other inappropriate alliteration.

Much has been made of what Richter can do with two hands, and rightly so, for it is prodigious. But why deny the part that is played by his two feet? As he demonstrated in his early Beethoven (Opus 2, No. 3, and Opus 14, No. 1), Richter has a keener comprehension of what pedaling can do than, possibly, any pianist since Gieseking. Thus controlled, the sonority was always vibrant, yet miraculously clear. This was an intimation, merely, of what was fully exploited in the Sonata No. 8 which climaxed the Prokofiev recital.

This sense of culmination and purpose also marked the Beethoven evening. The two sonatas noted above were clearly as preparatory for him as they were for Beethoven: and the two that followed (the A flat with funeral march, and the F major, Opus 54) were also well within the expressive capacities of both. Everything, clearly, was pointing to the "Appassionata," in which Richter delivered a compelling

musical concept as disdainful of passion-shredding as his funeral march had been of pseudo-dramatics. Coordinating the whole were the tonal finesse, the sensitive attention to structural detail, the sure sense of interlocking design which have come to be recognizably Richter's, plus a whirlwind of emotional conviction in Beethoven's purpose.

Prior to the "Appassionata," Richter had shown himself more the probing intellect than the fanciful poet, somewhat detached from the youthful Beethoven, examining his accomplishments rather than entering into them. This is hardly a persuasive approach to an audience, but as early as the end of the fast-moving finale to the first sonata, this one made Richter know he was welcome by calling him back for three bows. He didn't applaud back, in the Russian tradition; but that was about the only gesture of mutual satisfaction lacking.

By musicalizing Gogol's "Inspector General," Werner Egk has set himself one of the most difficult challenges a composer can elect: adding a dimension not merely to a work long regarded as complete in itself, but also to one whose single, almost unrelenting emphasis is comic. The varying responses to its American introduction at the New York City Center under his own direction are true to the tradition that one man's good humor can be another man's poor taste; but the wit and spirit, musical craftsmanship, and theatrical flair Egk disposes sustained my attention throughout.

As his own librettist, Egk has made a workable condensation of Gogol's five acts of prose into a two-act libretto, without losing continuity or sacrificing consequential detail. He has found a musical idiom that lends itself adroitly to parlando treatment of the text (remarkably intelligible in the English text by that prolific source, Anon.), with melodic commentary in the orchestra. Best of all, when the spark of humor threatens to expire midway in Act II, he fans interest anew with a shift of musical and emotional emphasis in a longish stretch of unaccompanied vocal writing for Marja, her mother and father, and half a dozen visitors. This beautifully written, warmly emotional nonette may go beyond Gogol's intention in making the congratulations of the villagers truly rapturous. But it lifts the scene from the commonplace at exactly the right place, and makes the brilliant setting that follows, that of the letter revealing Chlestakov's duplicity, a crushingly satirical curtain.

Egk was as fortunate in his cast as they were in having so expert a composer-conductor to illuminate his intentions. Jon Crain was a fine-sounding, smoothly devious impostor, Ruth Kobart triumphant in one of her broadly comic characterizations as the Mayor's wife, and Patricia Brooks suitably pert as her daughter. Herbert Beattie as the Mayor and Maurice Stern as the postmaster were good to hear, amusing to watch. William Ball's direction and a simple but suitable decor by Joseph Weishar combined to make this "Inspector General" an equally proud accomplishment for Egk and City Center.

In "Time Cycle," Lukas Foss is back in the vein of creative imagination and imaginative creation that marked such quality works of his as "Song of Songs." It was given a lustrous introduction by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic with soprano Adele Addison (who had commissioned the work on a grant from the Ford Foundation) excelling any previous accomplishment of her career.

Beginning with a Kafka quotation ("The clocks do not synchronize: the inner one chases in an inhuman manner, the outer one goes haltingly at its usual pace"), Foss has evolved a cycle juxtaposing other texts with a time-theme. They range from Auden's "We're Late" and Housman's "When the Bells Jostle" to "O Man! Take Heed," from Nietzsche's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." All of them are provided with a balance wheel of rhythm and a mainspring of melodic line which have tension yet extreme flexibility. Ideas as well as words are reflected in music of many subtleties and much sophistication, taking threads of Webern and Bartok and evolving a new fabric quite Foss's own. Thanks to Bernstein's penetration and Miss Addison's virtuosity, the composer (who took part with his ensemble in dispensable "improvisations" between the songs) had a once-in-a-lifetime experience: perfection.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Too Much Is Not Enough

"The Waste Makers," by Vance Packard *(Longmans. 255 pp. $4.50)* *and* ***"Figleaf: The Business of Being in Fashion,"*** *by Eve Merriam (Lippincott. 256 pp. $4.95), attack the unnecessary wastefulness that is becoming a part of the American way of life. Nicholas Samstag has written several books, among them "Persuasion for Profit."*

By Nicholas Samstag

THE two books here reviewed are carefully written and put together. A great deal of conscientious research and even scholarship have gone into both, and while some will say that the one is much ado about little, most will agree that the other is much ado about a very great deal.

"The Waste Makers," by Vance Packard, is a disingenuous book, studded with truth, laced with wisdom and swollen with righteousness on a subject that has long needed ventilating: how America wastes its sustenance in riotous living.

"Figleaf: The Business of Being in Fashion," by Eve Merriam, is another disingenuous book, swollen with facts, laced with wise-cracks, and studded with anecdotes on: how women waste their husbands' sustenance in riotous dressing.

"The Waste Makers" is the third of Mr. Packard's homilies, the other two being "The Hidden Persuaders" and "The Status Seekers." Like its predecessors it will, I predict, head straight for the best-seller list where it will stay for a long, long time. It is dedicated "To My Mother and Father who have never confused the possession of goods with the good life." The thought springs to mind that one must possess quite a few goods before one can avoid the confusion to which the author refers, but this leads to speculations which we have no time to develop here.

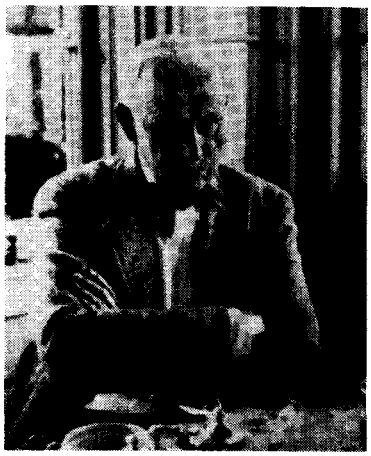
Vance Packard begins by rubbing our noses in the truly horrifying wastefulness of our economic system; then he tells us in clear detail how we are lured into buying things that he doesn't think we need or really want; he depicts with mournful gusto what overconsumption is doing to our resources and to our characters, and, finally, he outlines several temptingly logical correctives in which words like "prudence" and "excellence" and phrases like "the eternal balance" and "an enduring style of life" figure importantly.

Like the others in the trilogy, "The Waste Makers" is eminently worth reading and highly quotable, not only in what the author says but in what he passes on to us from his sources. For instance, he quotes Fairfield Osborn's amazing statement that "We Americans have used more of the world's resources in the last forty years than all the people of the world had used in the 4,000 years of recorded history up to 1914." He cites a survey by insurance companies that revealed: "The average American family is three months from bankruptcy." He quotes a contributor to the Wall Street Journal who says, "Maximum sales volume demands the cheapest construction for the briefest interval that the buying public will tolerate." And he sprinkles his book with hundreds of goodies like, "In the gambling center of Las Vegas some of the toilet booths contain slot machines." Whatever else you skip, don't miss Charles A. Lindbergh's eloquent expression of his disillusionment with scientific materialism.

Perhaps the very last sentence in Vance Packard's book expresses best his angry disappointment with his waste-making era: "The central challenge seems to be this," he says: "Americans must learn to live with their abundance without being forced to impoverish their spirit by being damned fools about it." To which no man of good will can answer anything but, "Amen."

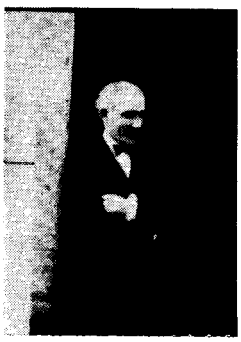
"Figleaf: The Business of Being in Fashion," seems to be Miss Merriam's first book of prose. She has written five books of poetry and contributes articles as well as verse to *The New Yorker*, *Harper's*, and *The Nation*. As is abundantly clear from her style, she has also written fashion copy for Madison Avenue agencies and for *Glamour*.

My gracious, what an exhausting lady. Witticism follows upon epigram, words twist and writhe and gambol



Frank Crowninshield

ELEGANT NOSTALGIA is evoked by **"Vanity Fair,"** edited by Cleveland Amory and Frederic Bradlee (Viking, 326 pp., $10). This lovely volume is a panoramic view of a unique magazine guided for twenty years with loving care by Frank Crowninshield. *Vanity Fair* represented the transition between the comparative gentleness of the Edwardian age and the harshness of modern living. The greats of literature, painting, theatre, and the other arts live again in its pages, and no one who remembers the delightful monthly or who looks at his heroes of the Twenties and the Thirties can escape a twinge of regret at the passing of an age when a publication of this type was very much a part of American life.



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o'er the page until, as *Time* used to say, reels the mind. Take this somewhat mild specimen:

> The middle-mounting mass of us all eats too much, drinks too much, smokes too much, and most of all—wears too much. We may not actually wear it, but there the stuff is, piling up in our closets and bureau drawers, like some kind of horrible science-fiction blob that keeps on enlarging no matter what we try to do to stop it. Water won't put it out, fire won't put it out, the stick won't beat it out, it just keeps on growing, that fashion fungus we've developed.

We learn in Miss Merriam's first chapter: "It is not our voice demanding, but our enterprising economy that demands the supply, and we then come to haul it away." We move on quickly from what really constitutes U in fashion to the true story of the sack dress, from bargains and the cosmetic business (here come those Revsons again) to "The Trouble with Mink." Then we learn what the men are wearing, and we end up with "Everyman's Guide to the Fashionese Language." It's the works, complete with "thoroughly irresistible almond-shape coats" and Queen Bee royal jelly in Divine Pink plus the story of Lilt Party Curl, the home permament for girls two through twelve.

Now let us address ourselves to that earlier mentioned matter of disingenuousness. It is a matter of manner and a matter of omission. A man must be judged not only by the truth of what he says but also by the truth of what he implies. In this book, Vance Packard continuously implies ignorance of things we know him to be familiar with, and shocked surprise at phenomena that have been part of his environment for many years.

It is no news to him that in these days of conformism and anxiety there is a real need for status symbols, and that many people pay willingly and knowingly for status when they buy a car. He is well aware that disposable paper cover-alls are really an excellent idea and not truly an example of prodigal waste. And he knows full well that there may be as much to gain as to lose from a policy of waste. For wastefulness forces us to discover or develop new sources of wealth, just as war forces our technology to grow many times faster than in the piping days of peace. These are not new thoughts to Vance Packard, but reading his book, you might think they are.

And Eve Merriam (whose prose has the cadenced shrillness of mating day in a tropical aviary) ignores a world of women and of facts because to include them would only fudge the image, as she might herself phrase it. Thus the tens of feminine thousands in every marketing area, who, on mighty little, ignore the braying of fashion's brasses and go their ways year after year, dressing beautifully in what becomes them best, get what an elderly aunt of mine used to call "short shift." And the self-confidence which is really what women pay for (and often get in full measure) when they buy cosmetics, is given only lip service in this book, while the millions made by the department stores on the simple clothes that fashion hardly touches from year to year (the house dresses, the basic blacks, the play-suits, the shirt-waist dresses) are barely noted in passing.

But there is a larger question to be raised about these books, one that challenges their very *raisons d'etre.* Both are, of course, fulminations against waste. And both seem to define waste as the unnecessary consumption of material. Yet as a society becomes richer, ought it not spend proportionately less and less for function and more and more for the amenities, more for the artistic, emotional or intangible satisfactions, more for the god and less for the beast? Or what is the use of becoming richer? And it would seem that this trend must accelerate as a society moves toward urban complexity, as tensions increase, and as pressures on the individual to prove himself more than merely a breadwinner grow greater and greater. It is truly not enough in the suburbs of Megopolis to have a roof and a meal. The suburban Megopolitan must aspire to a split-level house and Medoc with the roast.

AND so I wonder whether the values in a product that provide the buyer with a poise he badly needs in his endless battle for status should be branded waste; I wonder whether it is prodigal to make and sell him things that have largely amenitive value; and I wonder most whether the often costly psychological benefits in what he buys, the elements that help him play his role more effectively before his boss, his family, his friends, and the unforgiving face of society itself are indeed wasteful elements. If the answer is that we must have these intangibles to help us face our world, then we also need the tangibles that provide them; we must pay for them and we must discard them when their usefulness is gone.

For how do we know what holds up this trembling house of cards in which we live today? It may be the invisible buttresses derived from the very waste against which Vance Packard and Eve Merriam sound their respective alarms.

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A Criminogenic Culture

"Growing Up Absurd," by Paul Goodman *(Random House. 296 pp. $4.50) deplores the plight of American youth today. Milton L. Barron, chairman of the sociology and anthropology department at New York's City College, wrote "The Juvenile in Delinquent Society."*

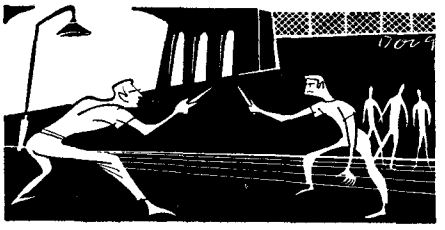
By Milton L. Barron

FOR almost a decade, a new native breed of muckrakers—Spectorsky recently referred to them as the sectarian order of Public Scolds—has been taking us to task for a variety of societal shortcomings. They berate their fellow Americans for being other-directed personalities, faceless exurbanites, supine organization men, consumers of mass culture, and shameless status seekers who, lacking national purpose, are sitting ducks for hidden persuaders, operators, health hucksters, and waste makers.

The more sophisticated of these contemporary muckrakers are cultural determinists, taking their social science cues from anthropologists like Margaret Mead and sociologists such as Emile Durkheim and, of more recent vintage, Robert Merton. They analyze their respective problems in terms of the breakdown of social organization and of regulatory rules in the urban, industrial way of life, or as symptoms directly reflecting the burgeoning demands of American culture and its structural system. Crime, for instance, becomes understandable in the light of "criminogenic" American traits—complexity, dynamism, goal-centeredness, materialism, and impersonality. Corruption in government is viewed as only one expression of a broad and basic "structural immorality" that corrodes all of our social institutions.

Paul Goodman's small but hard-hitting and interesting book belongs in this category. The fact that some of its chapters have already appeared in *Commentary, Dissent,* and *Midstream* detracts neither from the integrity of the book nor the impact of its theme. Problems, Goodman stresses, test and criticize the society in which they occur. We live increasingly in a society in which little attention is paid to the object, the function, and the need, but much is given to role, procedure, prestige, and profit. Growing up calls for adequate objects in the environment to meet the needs and capacities of the young. But American society, its affluence notwithstanding, lacks opportunities and goals that make growth possible and invites instead the development of delinquents, beatniks, and cynical conformists. For boys more than girls, it is difficult to grow up, to be useful and make something of oneself, when our economic "rat race" alienates the young, when the absence of patriotism and faith deprives them of purpose, and when the general social attitude toward sexuality is inconsistent. It is hard for a social animal to grow up, continues Goodman, when space, time, clothes, opinions, and goals become so pre-emptive that young people cannot establish individuality and experience genuine novelty, surprise, and spontaneity. "They bolt and look for fringes and margins, loopholes, holes in the wall, or they just run." It is hard to grow up with nothing to be or do.

Goodman's argument is that all these social and cultural inadequacies are the accumulation of what he calls the "missed" and "compromised" revolutions of modern times, falling most



heavily on the young. Children and adolescents need a coherent and simple society in which to grow up, but a missed revolution makes obsolete the system that persists, and a compromised revolution shatters but does not replace the standards and community that once were. Delinquency is one response by the young, a compulsive proving and identifying behavior which asks for what society will not legitimately give at this time—manly opportunities to work, self-esteem, adequate space and schools, sex without shame and fear, and loyalty to community and country. Under our present system, the recourse instead is to curfews, ordinances against carrying knives, threats against par-

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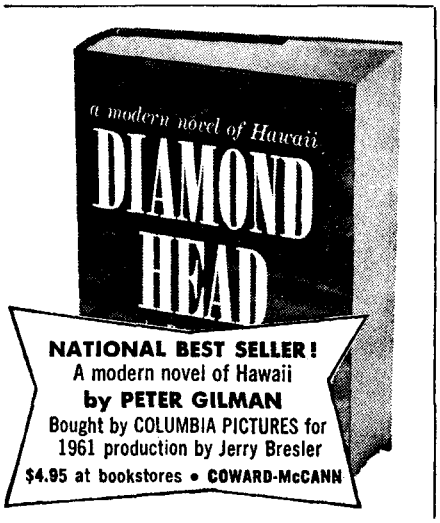
ents, and more police and reformatories. Thus, official policy works to increase delinquency rather than to remedy it.

The same organized system breeds the Beat Generation whose specific genesis, claims Goodman, is found in young men who cannot break away from their parents at the same time they cannot affirm their elders' values or compensate with other social values. It also produces the cynical junior executives among organization men who, like delinquents, have no real activity or purpose, but live instead by role playing.

By the author's own admission, the book is a gloomy and exaggerated portrayal that omits all the positive features in American society. It is cogent but, unlike Packard's books, it disdains most empirical evidence. Perhaps this is because Goodman has been willing to share culturology with social scientists without ever bothering to learn their research techniques or accept many of their findings. To him sociologists and the others are merely part of the highly organized system itself and do not like to think that rebellion or the initiation of fundamental change are social functions. Goodman does not know the difference between the case history and the questionnaire. He ignores all sociological studies of social classes, relying instead on his own incredible three-fold scheme: the organized system (comprising the subclasses of workers, organization men, and managers), the poor, and independents. He is for spontaneity and individuality in one part of his book, and elsewhere he favors a community life that is "planned as a whole, with an organic integration of work, living and play."

Yet the author has succeeded eloquently in making his point, the same point once made by the conservative Coleridge, and we had better heed it before it is too late. Quite simply it is this: to have citizens, you must be sure that you have produced men.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Theatre

Continued from page 31

Robert Hogan has written a somewhat uneven book more attractive than annoying in a certain youthful cockiness in which bold and sometimes arrogant assertion alternates with a modesty that verges on apology. To begin with, Hogan defines two types of dramatic structure and sets out to show how O'Casey's plays may be accommodated in one or the other of these structures. At this point Hogan strikes one as an academic Aristotelian. But confronted with the ebullient overflow of O'Casey's plays (about which he is for the most part justifiably enthusiastic), Hogan speaks of a third category "the kaleisoscopic," and ends by dumping his own "system" entirely, concluding that O'Casey is "eminently, ultimately, foremost and sideways a man of the theatre." In the best passages of his book Hogan, rid of the baggage of his not wholly co-ordinated learning, speaks colorfully and convincingly of the magnificent, powerful, inspiring jamboree of O'Casey's dramatic output.

Reading O'Casey's "The Drums of Father Ned," which, to borrow a phrase from Krause, is "a romp and a riposte" one begins to feel that any defense of O'Casey is rather supererogatory. Do we need to defend Shakespeare because he wrote "Cymbeline" and "Titus Andronicus" as well as "Hamlet"?

An artist is as good as his strongest link. All of O'Casey's plays—regardless of how we rate them—deserve production and are worth seeing. Our theatres are unfortunately unequipped to cope with them so that with very few exceptions all the productions I have seen of his later plays have been inadequate. As for the dispute over O'Casey's "experiments," his extension of theatrical forms, his fantasies and stylizations, I am inclined to stand with Chekov when he wrote "I come more and more to the conviction that it is not a question of new and old forms; but what matters is that a man should write without thinking of forms at all, write because it springs freely from the soul." O'Casey understood this when he wrote "I'm just a wandering minstrel singing an odd song at all the cross-roads, a song in the form of a play. . . ."

There is an aspect of O'Casey's career which has rarely been noted. O'Casey is indomitable. He has recently completed three more plays soon to be published. Most of our successful playwrights threaten to give up writing for the theatre (and sometimes do) when they are disappointed with the reception of two or more of their plays. O'Casey has never stopped writing his plays though not one of them—to put it mildly—ever made him rich and most of them have been skimpily mounted in tiny theatres. O'Casey is not a "professional." He is an artist and a great spirit.

The Reaching Out of Warmth Is Never Done

By Peter Viereck

THE reaching out of warmth is never done.
To see around the bend, to see around,
Through ice to see a poppy wink you on,
Entangle with the tentacles of light
And coax a green unkemptness up from night,—
The mixed-up splice of things, the all, the one.

Twine in, twine in, lose all and unseen get
A more-than-all: three sing a strict quartet,
And pairs dance threesomes, Eros once unbound,
And single grapes are twinned by wines they glow;
The reaching out of warmth is never done.

What reaching up, though old, can still astound?
Persephone is stirring underground.
Stretching up drowsily through melting snow,
See how each calyx opens, row on row
(Whole hillsides now, soon half a planet sighing);
Each flower-throat "O" exhales her wakening yawn.

What twining in with death is never dying?
Till flame is burnt and water drowned,
The reaching out of warmth is never done,—
The mixed-up blur of gods, the good black sun.

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Spotlight Stories

"Miracle in the Evening," by Norman Bel Geddes *(Doubleday. 352 pp. $4.95), captures the exciting, sometimes heartbreaking, life of this great stage designer through his own eyes. Edward F. Kook is now doing research on theatre lighting with the help of the Ford Foundation Fellowship Grant.*

By Edward F. Kook

FOR those of us who love the theatre, Norman Bel Geddes's aptly titled autobiography will prove delightful as well as interesting. For those who have watched theatrical progress for the past few decades, Bel Geddes's book will have historical significance. And for those artists who seek to make a life in the theatre, "Miracle in the Evening" will be a source of inspiration to "stay in New York and fight."

With bursts of color, drama, warmth, and humor, though with an irritating disregard for chronological order and accurate fact, the always proud Bel Geddes tells of his early life, which up to now has been a guarded secret. Born in Adrian, Michigan, of Scottish-German parentage, Norman inherited a rare combination of courage, thoroughness, and practicality. To help support his family and at the same time satisfy a burning desire to see theatrical performances, Geddes (he added the Bel to his name after his marriage to Bel Schneider) was programme boy, messenger, and boy magician. When he was old enough to go off on his own, he went to Chicago where he enrolled in the Art Institute, but soon left school to become a designer with an advertising company. Success in his job was immediate, but more important were the prizes he won for theatre programme covers.

His love for the theatre had persisted, and Bel Geddes soon found himself in New York designing scenery for Broadway. He finally met such names as Ames, Hopkins, Pemberton, William Brady, and Morris Gest. And his encounters with David Belasco and Alexander Woollcott demonstrated the passion and courage with which he upheld his convictions. Even Frank Lloyd Wright could not intimidate him, though the architect did outsell him to their mutual sponsor, Miss Aline Barnsdall. Despite all these contacts, and additional help from another patron, the well-known Otto Kahn, Norman Bel Geddes felt that the theatre did not allow him enough opportunity to use his talents. To overcome this feeling of

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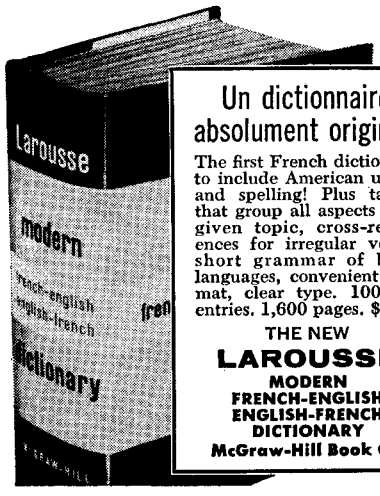

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self-waste, Bel Geddes assigned himself a project on a book that came to be known as "The Divine Comedy." His drawings for "The Divine Comedy" came to the attention of Max Reinhardt, who was so impressed that he offered Bel Geddes the big job of designing the lighting, costumes, and scenery for "The Miracle" which received high critical acclaim.

After this first really tremendous success Bel Geddes was besieged with a rush of assignments to design for plays in all kinds of theatre—from Punch and Judy to the Metropolitan Opera. But even these jobs and the consequent praise that followed their completion did not satisfy him. This great innovator, who was the first in America to use light to create three-dimensional stage designs, suddenly broke with the theatre. His explanation: "I was drawn to industry by the great opportunities it offered creatively."

It may also have been Norman Bel Geddes's unquenchable thirst for success and praise that motivated this shift, for one sees in this book a disproportionate amount of space given to glowing assessments of his work by others. Did he need this sort of name-dropping and publicity to cover up what he thought was his lack of greater success? One has only to remember his book "The Divine Comedy" and another called "Horizons" to realize that his early accomplishments constitute enough achievement for a dozen ordinary mortals. Yet from "Miracle in the Evening" there emerges Bel Geddes's sense of failure underneath the telling of success. And the tragedy, that the reader is made to feel indirectly, is that Bel Geddes's most important years—those between the ages of fifty and sixty-five—America found no way to utilize his greatest talents. Then he was designing juke boxes, washing machines, vending machines, horse-racing games, ash trays, etc. It all too sadly illustrates Bel Geddes's pattern of jumping from one preoccupation to another. Should he have stayed in the theatre? Were these relatively fruitless years Bel Geddes's fault or America's?

For those of us privileged to know this often charming and always supremely talented man, the truest element in the book is that Bel Geddes never seems to get angry at society or himself. With a little more anger, a little more persistence, might not this American giant of design have lived up to his potential? "Miracle in the Evening" disturbs us by covering up events with self-praise instead of answering the questions it provokes. But in the end, it is this very provocation that holds the reader's interest and that will make him remember the fabulous career of Norman Bel Geddes.

Fiction

Continued from page 32

schoolchildren. The setting for this novelette is the final depressing year of Stalin's rule, the time of the so-called "Doctor's Plot" against the lives of top Soviet leaders. The world of Vladimir Petrovich Globov, City Public Prosecutor and Stalin's loyal servant, appeared to be disintegrating. His beautiful but self-centered and unloving wife, Marina, was encouraging the advances of Yuri Karlinsky, Counsel for the Defense, whose sole object in life was to seduce her and through her to forget death and "nothingness after death," which had become intolerable to him. Globov's son, Seryozha, although still a schoolboy, was harboring "dangerous thoughts" and joined an illegal secret society to struggle for freedom and for a "genuine Soviet regime." In the end, the unfaithful Marina was rejected by both her husband and her lover. Seryozha, Rabinovich, the Jewish gynecologist guilty of performing an illegal abortion for Marina, and the author, who surreptitiously recorded the story of their lives, found themselves in the same Soviet labor camp at Kolyma, digging ditches. The Prosecutor, who by his investigation of Rabinovich had inadvertently helped to uncover the "Doctors' Plot" and who raised not even a finger to save his son, was promoted.

There are at least three reasons why "The Trial Begins" could not be published in the Soviet Union today, let alone under the Stalin regime. In the first place, according to Soviet standards, this novel has no "positive" characters. The Second All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers in December, 1954, on the basis of the doctrine of socialist realism, virtually banned the presentation of negative leading characters in Soviet literature. This ban was imposed not only on the literatures of the Slavic and non-Slavic minorities inside the USSR, but also on the literary output of the Soviet orbit, from the Slavic satellites of Eastern Europe to Red China. Second, the novel sharply disparages the Soviet regime, its institutions and Communist bureaucrats. Third, the naked portrayal of sex alone would serve to ban the book in the Soviet Union.

As in the two previous novels, there is no God and no love. Yuri does begin to question whether Communism can replace faith in personal survival after death. His desperate pursuit of Marina was a form of escapism, not love. Once he had seduced her, there was no horizon left.

Strictly speaking, "A New Year's Tale," is an elongation of Dudintsev's earlier novel, "Not By Bread Alone,"

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published in 1956, which clearly revealed the struggle of the individual against collectivism in the Soviet Union. This novel shook the Soviet hierarchy to its foundations, with Khrushchev himself joining the chorus of official denunciation. The storm over Dudintsev's book was obscured by the still greater repercussions evoked in 1957 with the publication outside the USSR of Boris Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago."

"A New Year's Tale" is the best work produced by Dudintsev to date. He has created a new genre of writing, the nearest approach to it in Soviet literature being found in the works of Eugene Zamyatin. The Dudintsev tale is a literary gem—a poem in prose. The periodic appearance of the owl suggests the influence of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," long popular in Russia.

This story of "make-believe," which takes place in a fairy-tale country, in a fairy-tale world, concerns a group of scientists connected with a laboratory for Sun Research, a kind of intellectual prison where the motions of scholarship continue, but actually time stands still. The narrator, an up-and-coming young scientist, in the beginning conformed to the pattern established by his colleagues, worked perfunctorily, devoted much of his time to polemic articles designed to destroy the reputation of his rival, S., a corresponding member of a provincial academy of sciences, and spent his evenings watching football on television. One of his graying colleagues, a fugitive from a similar gang of "legal" academic bandits, in the brief span of time before he was overtaken and slain, worked heart and soul to accomplish something for the good of humanity. Jolted by his friend's death and by his neuro-physician's diagnosis giving him only a year to live, the narrator inherited the mantle of his deceased colleague, the bandit, and managed to telescope the work of a lifetime into the brief span allotted him. During this year, he found what he had never known before—love, friendship, and success in productive work. This proved to be his salvation, enabling him to enter upon a New Year of hope.

The Dudintsev message, emerging from allegory and fantasy, is that the Russian intellectual, satiated with suspicion, fear, hatred, and sacrifice, is now experiencing a thirst for life, love, friendship, and the pursuit of happiness. He wants to live for the communist utopia, not to slave for it. Nor is Dudintsev alone in his quest for a new life. The poet, A. Tvardovsky, in "A Horizon Beyond the Horizon," excerpts of which were published in *Pravda*, April 29 and May 1, 1960, suggests also that in spite of the horrors of the past, new horizons lie ahead.

Although the Dudintsev tale has not evoked the storm of criticism encountered by his previous novel, "Not By Bread Alone," neither has it been hailed by Soviet literary critics. What appears to be a rebuttal, a re-emphasizing the materialist values that Dudintsev has discarded, has been provided by Evgeni Permyak in his novelette, "A Tale About a Grey Wolf," published this year in the magazine *Neva*.

In these four novels, it is clear that tyranny and inquisition begin when love is banished, when people are taught to hate love. It was Dostoyevsky who pointed out that when love disappears, men act as if they were "possessed." In "The Brothers Karamazov," Father Zossima defined hell as the inability to love. The impact of Dostoyevsky, despite repeated Soviet efforts to destroy it, is still felt in these novels by Ehrenburg, Andrzejewski, "Tertz," and Dudintsev.

Thus, in the Ehrenburg novel, as of 1927 God has been "invented." In Andrzejewski's work, Torquemada on his deathbed denies the existence of both God and the Devil. In "The Trial Begins," where God has been replaced by "dialectics," both God and man have been degraded. In none of these novels is there any evidence of love. Dudintsev, however, without reference to the

deity or to natural phenomena, passionately seeks to redeem love. His "bandit" suddenly realizes that he has never known or valued such things as "human approval, friendship, true love," and yet the "people, love, and friendship he needed existed on earth." The music of an unknown composer seems to say to Dudintsev's young scientist, "I loved life a great deal and I pass on to you that love. . . . In my short life, I knew the greatest happiness. You know what I'm talking about. And you? Has a grateful man squeezed your hand so hard that your heart jumped? Have you looked into eyes filled with tears of love?"

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 9, 8, 2, 4, 7, 1, 5, 3. The books are: 1. The Jalna series. 2. "The Fall of the House of Usher." 3. "Anne of Green Gables." 4. "Hamlet." 5. "Dragonwyck." 6. "Gone with the Wind." 7. "The Turn of the Screw." 8. "Jane Eyre." 9. "Rebecca."

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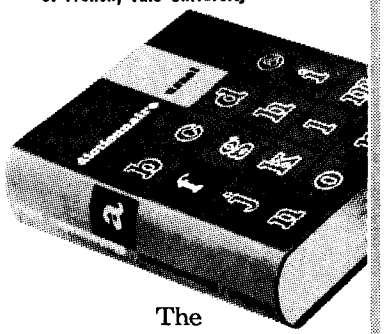

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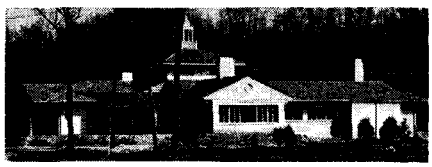

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Books in the News

Continued from page 29

war between the industrialized states.

This development is broadly in harmony with the objectives of the Western powers themselves, who desire above all secure and cooperative world conditions. In the U.N. bodies the "uncommitted" members have often been able to play a decisive and constructive part in dealing with a dispute between major powers, notably in the Security Council recently, where the skill and sagacity of the representatives of Ceylon and Tunisia evoked admiration. The great majority of the "uncommitted" countries have resolutely supported the U.N. enterprise in the Congo, undeterred by Soviet opposition. But there is a somber side to the picture. The Soviet record from the beginning, and their performance during the Congo crisis, must raise serious doubts whether the Russians want to develop the United Nations as a place for the peaceful solution of international disputes (except, naturally, on their own terms). The record suggests that they view the U.N. as a platform from which Soviet propaganda can be proclaimed and a convenient maze of corridors in which Soviet interests can be advocated.

This is bound to have its reaction on the attitude and policies of the western powers not only towards the Soviet Union, but also towards the U.N. where Soviet advocacy, at least before the Congo crisis, was by no means ineffectual. The conception of the "uncommitted" countries bringing the Communist and Western powers together, however sincerely we may support it, may therefore not prove effectual, failing some improvement in relations between the powers concerned. It was consciousness of the need for this, of course, that lay behind the efforts to meet the Russians at the Summit, and Western agreement to the discussions on disarmament in a ten-nation committee outside the United Nations. Mr. Eichelberger is a little unrealistic in complaining of the by-passing of the U.N. on these occasions.

Most people would probably agree that improved relations between the major powers, if not their positive cooperation, is a prerequisite for the development of the U.N. as the chief international instrument on which the world as a whole can rely for keeping the peace and moving towards conditions of world stability and prosperity. The U.N. itself, of course, can and does contribute to the realization of these conditions, partly by its activity and partly because no power can lightly flout world public opinion as expressed in and through the U.N. The Russians themselves are certainly conscious of this. On the other hand we cannot be sure what they would do if they decided that they were faced with a choice between seeing their interests imperiled by continued membership in the U.N. and the loss of sympathy among some "uncommitted" countries if they disrupted the world group.

Here is one evident threat to the U.N. Another latent source of trouble, though one which fortunately the U.N. holds the power itself to remedy, is the balance between peace and justice. The Charter, while rightly inclining heavily towards the preservation of peace, does not lay so much stress on justice and order. Yet a world order is of paramount importance. Without a standard of international behavior and a conception of international justice, there is always the danger that the yearning for peace will run away with itself. Many nations know to their cost that peace at any price is an illusion and that oppression or aggression are wrong whatever the circumstances. Others, however, are inclined to apply a double standard when it comes to so-called Imperialist (Western) acts and Communist acts, for example, in Hungary. The one is condemned, the other condoned.

There is a similar point to be made about order. Events in the Congo have shown dramatically how important it is that order should go hand in hand with independence. It would be dangerous for the future if through concern for the human rights objectives the U.N. were to overlook the need for balancing the emotional appeal of freedom by the dull, practical requirements of good administration and an ordered society. It may be hoped that these realities of international life are becoming better understood. Certainly there is widespread appreciation of the contribution that the United States and Britain are making to the progress and security of the complex modern world.

Thus the outlook for the unity of the Free World is reassuring. The outlook for an improvement in relations between the Free World and the Communist must remain unpredictable. But none can doubt that the U.N., with a modicum of real cooperation from the Communist side, can help decisively.

Contemporary events in the Congo have highlighted the pace with which former colonial territories are emerging into independence, and the risks of the orderly progress of that great movement being bedeviled by the injection of the Cold War. Mr. Eichelberger's book opens a window on the opportunities which lie before the international community to proceed towards a world free from the alarums of war into the haven of world peace.

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Roper

Continued from page 27

hortation of the Baltimore Catechism, which specifically directs Catholics to vote for the better man, regardless of religion). Some liberal Protestants are voting for Senator Kennedy only because they resent the religious bias of some other Protestants. But by no means all, or even a majority, of either Protestants or Catholics are making their choice on these bases. There are Democrats voting for Nixon because they think Kennedy would make a less competent President—and Republicans voting for Kennedy because they think Nixon would be less competent.

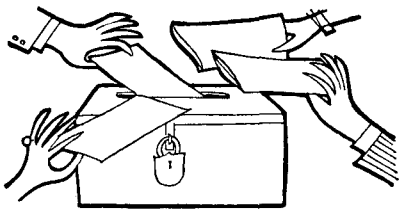
Undoubtedly some of the anti-Catholic sentiment expressed in this study is nothing more or less than pure, blind intolerance—"I don't like Catholics"; "Keep Catholics out of my (community) (club) (business) (Presidency)." And undoubtedly some of the pro-Catholic sentiment is equally narrow—"He is one of our people; let's give him the job." But I cannot believe that all of the pro and anti sentiment is blind prejudice. To many on both sides, it is undoubtedly reasoned judgment, maybe poorly reasoned judgment, but nevertheless judgment, not intolerance. To some people the comparatively authoritarian nature of the Catholic Church as compared with other churches raises what they regard as a legitimate question about separation of church and state. To some the Catholic church's position with regard to divorce and birth control laws is distasteful. But at the same time those people who hold such views are in many cases not in any other way anti-Catholic. Such views are not inconsistent with being against discriminatory hiring practices, being opposed to religious tests for club membership, being opposed to restrictive covenants in housing, or having close, personal Catholic friends.

There are Democrats who believe in the two-party system, who have great respect for many Republican voters and candidates, who have close, personal Republican friends, and who would shudder at the thought of any attempt to outlaw the Republican Party, but who will still vote Democratic because they find themselves in disagreement with basic philosophies or tendencies of the Republican Party. Is this prejudice? Or is it judgment, whether good or bad?

And what of the pro-Catholic sentiment? Certainly this cannot all be anti-Protestant feeling, nor can it all be unreasoned pro-Catholic prejudice. Undoubtedly a number of these people are saying merely, "Let's break the precedent; let's repeal the unwritten law that says a Catholic cannot be President." And having repealed it, many of those who express a pro-Catholic "bias" now may then return to voting strictly on the merits of the man or of his party without reference to religion.

I don't think it would be either fair or wise to conclude that all or even necessarily most of the rather considerable voting this year along religious lines is a measure of American bigotry and intolerance.

But in terms of the current election race, it is apparent that religious voting is one of the major factors. There is stronger evidence of pro-Catholic voting on the part of Catholics than of pro-Protestant voting on the part of Protestants. But there is evidence of



a significant amount of both. And the pro-Catholic voting on the part of Catholics is being supplemented by a certain amount of pro-Catholic voting on the part of Protestants who are disturbed and incensed by anti-Catholic remarks by some of their fellow religionists. While there is evidence of stronger bloc voting on the part of Catholic voters, the number of Protestant voters is greater. The ultimate beneficiary thus remains in doubt. The ultimate loser, of course, is all of us.

That March Noon

By A. D. Freeman

MY laundryman swallowed the river
for good and all,
while his truck chains hugged him tight.
Before lunch, however,
he delivered my blue-paper bundle.

The flowers in the funeral parlor
framed the skindivers' find:
prettied up and washed well.

Back home with a highball,
Sunday was Thursday, I counted
clean towels again. They smelled
of mud, of the Charles.

Why didn't I wait for him, tell him,
"I, too, have gagged just like you."
That day I should have been a basin
for his March mouth.

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Don Quixote

Continued from page 25

call it a German firm. But what does that mean? Only that the head of the octopus is on German soil.

Railways, aircraft, wires, and radio waves have made the world community. In this dense net of human relations of all kinds—farms, firms, theatres, books, cinemas, ships, sport, scientific and artistic associations, tourism—in this organic tissue of a living world body, why should a single part called Germany, the United States, or Britain claim immunity from the moral law? The community exists. It must therefore live under the aegis of our trinity: justice, freedom, peace. And we know that the core of this trinity is the moral law.

All this, of course, is confirmed even by those who would deny it. Remember what happened to Sancho when he ventured to say that justice is necessary even among thieves. A thief very nearly killed him. Here is the Soviet Union standing with both boots on the neck of half of Europe. Does she permit herself to be called a tyrant? Certainly not. The Eastern European states are all "democratic, popular republics"; and when a Western statesman asks that Kadar refrain from hanging a Hungarian freedom fighter, the Soviet Union solemnly complains that Hungary's internal affairs are being interfered with. What does this hypocrisy mean but that even the Soviet Union acknowledges the rule of the moral law at the very time and place she violates it? As the saying has it: "Hypocrisy is the homage which virtue pays to vice."

There is no weightier issue today than this one. Upon our attitude toward it depends the outcome of the cold war. If we conclude that the world of nations is ruled by a limited group outside moral law, we are lost. If we remain faithful to the view that the moral law holds good for all relations between men and their institutions, no matter what the size and nature of such institutions, we are bound to win the cold war.

For the issue is simple. The world community exists. It must be governed. Such is the challenge of our day. The Soviet Union sees the challenge. She answers it according to her creed. She intends to organize the world community as a Soviet-controlled dictatorship. This, up to a point, makes sense. And, because it makes sense, the Soviet Union is every day winning wider and wider sectors of world public opinion. Fortunately for us, the policy of the Soviet Union makes sense as to size (i.e., it is conceived on a world scale) but does not make sense as to quality, for it proceeds regardless of justice, freedom, and peace.

Unfortunately, however, the West does not see the challenge. The West, in fact, does not exist as a unit. The main nations of the West, and in particular the United States and Great Britain, remain in a backward stage of evolution, still dreaming of power politics. They do not see that the world is now ruled by public opinion, and that it must therefore be organized under the aegis of justice, freedom, and peace. In spite of such lessons as that of the Suez Canal episode and that of the murder of Hungary, they still subordinate policy to power, moral to physical law, cold to hot war. They ruin their moral case by allying themselves not merely with Tito and Franco but with any Latin American or Arab dictator who secures oil or naval bases for them. And so, divided among themselves by greed and ambition, they let the ship drift from rock to rock in the vain hope that someday the Soviet Union may come to an agreement with them on how to divide the spoils.

OUR issue therefore is by no means theoretical. It is the chief issue of our day. Is the duel between Moscow-Peking and Washington-London one of physical or of moral force? Does the physical force of either side depend on its moral force or vice versa? We say that the Muscovite giant is morally bankrupt and that if it dared to declare war its physical force would collapse for lack of a moral force. And we fear that the Washington giant may be dangerously squandering its moral capital by relying too much on merely physical force.

We are thus wasting our time with our eyes fixed on Moscow, counting Mr. Khrushchev's smiles, instead of organizing the free world into a federation of free states with a common policy toward the Communist Party that controls Moscow and Peking; dreaming of a rift between Mr. Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung, as if Mao Tse-tung were silly enough to oblige his enemies and betray his coreligionists; mooning about summit talks as if Presidents and Prime Ministers were conjurors—and all this because the principal nations of the free world do not believe that the moral law applies to them. But the world community is a fact. And it demands institutions. And these institutions must be firmly put under the aegis of justice, freedom, and peace, the three bases of moral force. In our world, ruled as it is by public opinion, moral and not physical force must be the source of the world state's power.

Fitzgerald

Continued from page 26

that only I can know it and then I'll swim in it to satiety as I've swum in—in many things."

"Please be frank."

"Well, you know if you've read my book. I've swum in various seas of adolescent egotism. But what I meant was that if big things never grip me—well, it simply means I'm not cut out to be big. This conscious struggle to find bigness outside, to substitute bigness of theme for bigness of perception, to create an objective *Magnum Opus* such as the "Ring in the Book" [sic]—well, all that's the antithesis of my literary aims.

"Another thing," he continued, "My idea is always to reach my generation. The wise writer, I think, writes for the youth of his own generation, the critic of the next and the schoolmasters of ever afterward. Granted the ability to improve what he imitates in the way of style, to choose from his own interpretation of the experiences around him what constitutes material, and we get the first-water genius."

"Do you expect to be—to be—well, part of the great literary tradition?" I asked, timidly.

He became excited. He smiled radiantly. I saw he had an answer for this. "There's no great literary tradition," he burst out. "There's only the tradition of the eventual death of every literary tradition. The wise literary son kills his own father."

After this he began entheusiasticly [sic] on style.

"By style, I mean color," he said. "I want to be able to do anything with words: handle slashing, flaming descriptions like Wells, and use the paradox with the clarity of Samuel Butler, the breadth of Bernard Shaw and the wit of Oscar Wilde, I want to do the wide sultry heavens of Conrad, the rolled-gold sundowns and crazy-quilt skies of Hichens and Kipling as well as the pastelle [sic] dawns and twilights of Chesterton. All that is by way of example. As a matter of fact I am a professed literary thief, hot after the best methods of every writer in my generation."

The interview terminated about then. Four young men with philistine faces and conservative ties appeared, and looking at each other exchanged broad winks. Mr. Fitzgerald faltered and seemed to lose his stride.

"Most of my friends are—are like those," he whispered as he showed me to the door. "I don't care for literary people much—they make me nervous."

It was really rather a good interview, wasn't it!

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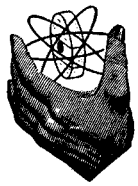

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • The Research Frontier • Science in Books • Personality Portrait LVI

ARTICLES: The New Isolationism

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AND DRUG REFORM

THIS will be a report on a significant omission from the 1960 Presidential election debate.

It will begin by noting that no nominee for the Presidency or for the Vice Presidency has mentioned—let alone pledged himself to do anything about—one of the most important proposals that has ever come from the National Academy of Sciences.

The proposal is that the Congress of the United States incorporate into the law of the land, "with the least possible delay," a radically new philosophy to govern protection of the physical and mental well-being of the American people.

The distinctive tenet of this new philosophy says that the recovery of a sick person may be jeopardized by a physician who treats the person "with an ineffective drug in place of an effective one."

"This is true," the philosophy holds, "even though the drug may not be intrinsically harmful, and even though the specific condition for which the drug is given may not be ordinarily regarded as life-threatening."

Had this concept prevailed during the last decade, the since-deposed chief of the Antibiotics Division of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, Dr. Henry Welch, would not have been able to encourage the marketing of fixed combinations of antibiotics at a time when specialists in antibiotic therapy were condemning such mixtures as shotgun treatments less effective than specific prescription and destructive of medicine's traditionally precise diagnostic practice.

It was the laxity of the present law, with its philosophy that a drug must be accepted for sale unless the drug is dangerous, that allowed Dr. Welch to confuse the medical profession and, incidentally, to collect more than a quarter of a million dollars in private income from antibiotics journals financially dependent on the makers of the drugs he was officially charged with judging.

Without at any point referring directly to the Welch case (although it brought the committee into existence), a Special NAS Committee Advisory to Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Arthur S. Flemming recommended in a report approved 27 September 1960:

1—That the Congress act to give F&DA "authority to require proof of the efficacy, as well as the safety, of all new drugs."

2—That the drug approval procedures within the F&DA be such as to encourage "to the utmost . . . efforts to obtain submission of truly dependable scientific information on the efficacy and safety" of new drugs.

On this point, the NAS report confirmed what readers of these columns had been told earlier — that F&DA procedures in recent years have constituted an open invitation to drug company pressures against rigorous challenge and that, consequently, data submitted by the manufacturers in support of applications for new drugs "are not always of sufficient quality and quantity to permit a sound decision." What the NAS committee actually found (but did not report in detail) was that evidence of the clinical value of a new drug often consists of little more than lists of names of private physicians who issued so many trial samples to unchecked ambulant patients who recognized no ill effects.

3—That when a decision for or against a new drug is finally made within F&DA, the several steps toward the decision, with reasons for and opinions held about each by the respective individuals concerned, should be summarized in writing and filed for future reference along with "such other data as may be necessary to provide a concise record of the basis for decision."

Here again the NAS report confirmed what had been stated earlier in these pages—that the line of action in F&DA decisions now is fogged by behind-the-scenes maneuvers of the drug makers. Often the real approvals come from higher-ups unfamiliar with the medical implications of the actions.

4—That not only before the marketing of a new drug is approved, but after the drug is released, F&DA should have the power to require the drug-makers "to maintain records and submit reports of clinical experience."

"Any evaluation of a new drug is subject to revision in the light of broader experience," the NAS report emphasized, "and F&DA must be in a position to . . . warn the public promptly whenever new hazards are revealed."

That F&DA does not now provide the public with such protection was demonstrated in the case of the oral anti-diabetic drug, Diabinese. Not until after Dr. Henry Dolger, a Park Avenue specialist, revealed dangerous side effects in his testimony before Senate Estes Kefauver's Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly did Charles Pfizer and Co., Inc., issue to physicians a new descriptive brochure including proper warnings.

5—That F&DA be authorized to carry on continuous inspection of drug factories to guarantee compliance with quality standards *before* marketing.

Under existing law, F&DA must wait until sale of an inferior drug occurs and is complained against.

6—That the F&DA inspections be sufficiently stringent as to constitute reg-

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Text of the National Academy of Sciences

A. *Mission*—This Committee was appointed in June, 1960 by the President of the National Academy of Sciences at the request of the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. It was asked to review the policies and procedures used by the Food and Drug Administration in reaching decisions concerning the acceptance and certification of new drugs, including antibiotics, and the scientific soundness of the decisions made in recent years. The Committee was also invited to present such recommendations as it might consider desirable for the protection of the public health through the functions of the FDA.

B. *Procedure*—The Committee met on 28 June to plan its activities and again on 8 September to discuss its findings and formulate its recommendations. In both meetings it had the assistance of representatives of the Secretary's office and the FDA, who cooperated by providing pertinent information and answering questions arising from the study. The necessary legal steps were taken to permit members unrestricted access to the FDA files. In addition, an extensive file of documents concerning the law and regulations, policies and procedures, staffing and organization, and other pertinent matters was forwarded to each member for background and reference. (A list of these documents is appended.)

It was at once apparent that the Committee could not hope in any reasonable period to examine all, or even a large proportion, of the thousands of voluminous applications for certifiable antibiotic preparations and new drugs processed under the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act in recent years. It was therefore decided that the members would select for detailed study a limited number of preparations which they considered to be of especial significance. In all, 29 applications were reviewed, covering 3 preparations of certifiable antibiotics, 14 of antibiotics classed as new drugs, and 12 of other new drugs.

C. *Conclusions*—While the proportion of decisions studied was necessarily small, the Committee believes its sampling to be sufficiently representative, particularly of preparations which have been the subject of some controversy, to provide a reasonable basis for conclusions as to the performance of the FDA staff in protecting the public health.

Taking into account the limitations of the FDA's authority, funds, and scientific personnel, the Committee found the decisions it reviewed acceptable, despite certain deficiencies in the quality and quantity of the data upon which they were based. It found no evidence of disregard for the public health, and noted that appropriate action had been taken when hazards were established by subsequent clinical experience.

Nevertheless, the Committee concluded that certain weaknesses inherent in the existing law and current staffing and budgetary support hamper the FDA in its task of protecting the public health. Accordingly, it has addressed its recommendations primarily to the correction of these defects. The increasing rate at which medical research is expanding and new and powerful drugs are being developed is multiplying the number of potential hazards to be controlled. Therefore, the Committee believes it essential that these recommendations be acted upon with the least possible delay.

D. *Recommendations*—

1. The FDA should be given statutory authority to require proof of the efficacy, as well as the safety, of all new drugs. Treatment of a patient with an ineffective drug in place of an effective one may jeopardize his recovery. This is true even though the drug may not be intrinsically harmful, and even thought the specific condition for which the drug is given may not be ordinarily regarded as life-threatening.
2. The FDA should be given statutory authority to require manufacturers of new drugs to maintain records and submit reports of clinical experience and other relevant data, not only before but after the drug is released for sale, as requested by the Commissioner in his proposed Factory Inspection and Drug Amendments of 1960. Any evaluation of a new drug is subject to revision in the light of broader experience, and the FDA must be in a position to advise the profession and warn the public promptly whenever new hazards are revealed.
3. The FDA should be given statutory authority to apply certification procedures to all antimicrobial agents used in prophylaxis and treatment of infectious diseases. The Committee sees no reason for limiting certification to those antibiotic preparations which happen to have come on the market prior to 1950, and further believes that all agents employed for equally serious conditions should be subject to equivalent measures of control.
4. The Committee recognizes the importance to the public health of ensuring that all drugs are prepared under the highest standards of quality control. It

ular certification of sample batches of all antibiotics and of all other therapeutic "agents employed for equally serious" infections.

The law today requires certification of only those antibiotics which entered the market before 1950. It does not require certification of any other drugs.

7—"That the information supplied to physicians concerning drugs should be not only accurate, but also complete, and that the date of such information is essential to its proper evaluation."

This paragraph once more confirmed the many complaints by physicians that had been reflected in *SR*'s series of reports on drug abuses: that information on new drugs now supplied by the drug houses does not tell the whole story about those drugs.

8—"That the advertising of pharmaceuticals requires more careful regulation than that of products unrelated to the prevention and cure of disease."

Here the NAS committee echoed the conviction that prompted *SR* to begin its study of drug abuses in January 1959. And the committee came to the same conclusion that *SR* had come to on the matter: that regulation of the various forms of drug advertising should be coordinated so that "all information concerning drugs conveyed to the [medical] profession and the public by whatever media be in conformity with scientific fact."

At the present time, misleading drug information that goes out over the radio and TV can be stopped only by the Federal Communications Commission. Fraudulent statements conveyed through the mails come under the authority of the Post Office. Misrepresentations in newspapers and magazines are punishable by the Federal Trade Commission. Inaccurate brochures to pharmacists and tricky ads in the medical journals must be tabbed by the

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Advisory Committee Report on the F & DA

therefore endorses the Commissioner's proposals in the Factory Inspection and Drug Amendments of 1960 to clarify and strengthen existing inspection authority, and to require that all drugs be manufactured and packaged under adequate controls.

5. The Committee believes that the information supplied to physicians concerning drugs should be not only accurate, but also complete, and that the date of such information is essential to its proper evaluation. It therefore endorses the proposed amendments to present labeling requirements published by the Commissioner in the Federal Register for 22 July 1960.
6. The Committee considers that the advertising of pharmaceuticals requires more careful regulation than that of products unrelated to the prevention and cure of disease. It therefore recommends that careful study be given to the problem of coordinating the supervision of labeling, promotional material, and other advertising of drugs, now divided among several agencies of the Government, and to means of ensuring that all information concerning drugs conveyed to the profession and the public by whatever media be in conformity with scientific fact.
7. When a decision has been reached concerning an application, a statement should be prepared and incorporated in the file summarizing the conclusions, the names and opinions of those involved, and such other data as may be necessary to provide a concise record of the basis for the decision. This should be of great assistance in the administrative review of current actions and in the scientific review of the files in relation to subsequent applications, as well as when the advice of consultants is sought.
8. The staff members responsible for processing applications should be supported to the utmost in their efforts to obtain submission of truly dependable scientific information on the efficacy and safety of the products. The data initially submitted by the manufacturer are not always of sufficient quality and quantity to permit a sound decision as to the merits of the product.
9. The FDA should be strongly supported in its effort to maintain a research program of high quality on the methodology and standardization of drug testing and related areas of basic science. This is important not only to improve the methods available for carrying out its responsibilities to the public, but also as an aid in recruiting and retaining competent scientists on the staff.
10. The Committee urges the Commissioner to seek such authorization as may be necessary to establish an advisory organization of scientific and technical experts as a recognized resource for advice on criteria, procedures, and policies for the execution of the responsibilities of the FDA.
11. It is recognized that these various recommendations cannot be carried out without expanded resources, both of funds and of personnel. The Committee also considers that the present resources of the FDA are less than adequate to meet existing responsibilities. It therefore urges that the FDA be granted the authority and funds required to employ and retain larger numbers of highly qualified personnel and to support their activities, and endorses the recommendations made to this end by the Citizens' Advisory Committee in 1955.

Approved 27 September 1960.

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F&DA. Effective suppression of fraud under such a fragmented system nears the point of practical impossibility. It took the government twenty years to get Hoxey's bogus cancer cure off the market, and then the action was embodied in a consent decree after Hoxey had milked a gullible public of millions of dollars.

Although the text of the NAS report does not so state, the spirit of the report calls for coordinated regulation of *all* promotion of *all* drugs, the patent medicines and the items that can be bought over the drugstore counter without prescriptions as well as the so-called ethical drugs which are sold only to doctors or on the doctors' signed orders.

9—"That the F&DA should be strongly supported in its effort to maintain a research program of high quality on the methodology and standardization of drug testing and related areas of basic science."

What real effort the F&DA has made in this direction did not emerge anywhere in the NAS report. There is good reason to doubt that there has been much if any effort.

Government records show that when Dr. Welch got his last promotion in F&DA—to one of seven new super-classification jobs at a salary of $17,500 a year—another of those super-jobs was filled by the creation of a new post within F&DA, that of Scientific Director. Paul L. Day, a Ph.D. in chemistry, was called in from Arkansas to assume the Scientific Directorship. Colleagues sympathetic to Dr. Day say he sat in his new office for six months without once being called upon to give an opinion on any matter of import. Dr. Day himself refers all questions about his place in the F&DA hierarchy to F&DA Commissioner George Larrick. But a report in which Dr. Day vol-

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unteered his observations to Commissioner Larrick in August 1959 reflects the frustration of the Scientific Director.

"Most . . . past and current research" conducted by the F&DA staff was, one of Dr. Day's paragraphs says, "concerned either with method development or rather superficial toxicity testing. Some excellent fundamental studies have been published but they are decidedly in the minority."

Here are a few other paragraphs:

"I am greatly concerned by the almost complete lack of seminars, research conferences and similar educational devices for our advanced level scientists. . . .

"During the past year a group of the people in the Pharmacology Division have been meeting during the lunch hour on Wednesdays for a research group discussion. These meetings have been a source of keen pleasure and education to me. Unfortunately the limited space in the Pharmacology reference room has not permitted them to invite members of the other Divisions. This is regrettable since the cross-fertilization of ideas which results from discussion among persons of varying scientific background is one of the most fruitful origins of research concepts. It may be significant that this group has found it necessary to meet during the *lunch hour.*"

One of the recommendations that Dr. Day made in his report of August 1959 was repeated in the 1960 NAS committee report as follows:

10—That the F&DA Commissioner should "seek such authorization as may be necessary to establish an advisory organization of scientific and technical experts as a recognized resource for advice on criteria, procedures, and policies for the execution of the responsibilities of the F&DA."

The final recommendation of the NAS committee says:

11—"That these various recommendations cannot be carried out without expanded resources, both of funds and of personnel. . . . The present resources of the F&DA are less than adequate to meet existing responsibilities. . . . Therefore . . . the F&DA (should) be granted the authority and funds required to employ and retain larger numbers of highly qualified personnel and to support their activities. . ."

The foregoing series of proposals is the toughest set of reform demands that any independent body of qualified scientists has put forward for many years. Why has this historic document not found a major place in the 1960 Presidential campaign debate?

The fault does not all lie with the nominees, although they certainly have the duty to look below the surface manifestations of great public issues. The principal trouble is that the NAS report (it is reproduced in full on pages 58 and 59) was so worded that more of its true meaning fell between the lines than in them. For example, in the first of two paragraphs of conclusions preceding the recommendations, this statement appeared: "The committee . . . found no evidence of disregard for the public health" within F&DA. But questioning of NAS committee members, followed by close re-reading of their findings in accord with their personal guidance, revealed that those words were not intended to signify what most laymen would read the words to mean. Actually, the quoted sentence was qualified in the minds of its writers by an antecedent sentence which began: "Taking into account the limitations of the F&DA's authority, funds and scientific personnel, the committee found. . . ." In other words, there was no evidence of disregard for the public health within F&DA insofar as disregard can be defined under existing drug law. Since F&DA had no authority to throw out harmless new drugs that were not as good as older drugs for a given purpose, there could be no disregard for the public health in approval of drugs that the public could very well do without. In this context, what "no evidence of disregard for the public health" boiled down to was an absence of proof that F&DA deliberately approved any drug its staff knew to be dangerous. The NAS report's authors felt they made this clear by pointing out, in other passages of their conclusions, that there had been cases of "deficiencies in the quality and quantity of the data" which F&DA accepted as a basis for approving new drugs and that there also had been cases in which "subsequent clinical experience" showed approved drugs to be hazardous.

"Morally, the situation stank. All of us agreed on that," one committeeman explained. "Legally, we had to find the F&DA decisions, as our report put it in a word that does not seem to me to be very enthusiastic: 'acceptable.'"

My own reaction is that the choices before the NAS committee were not quite that limited. The committee might have asked Dr. Barbara Moulton, who quit an F&DA job in protest against the paralyzing tactics the drugmakers were allowed to employ, to tell in private some of the case histories of abuses which she, as a responsible physician, preferred to withhold during her public appearance as a witness before Senator Kefauver's drug investigating committee. If the testimony she did give was accurate, F&DA during her tenure in the agency had a rather blasé disregard for the public health.

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In failing to pursue this bolder course, the NAS committee to a degree defeated its own purpose. For news wire service reporters in Washington led off their accounts of the drug report with the phrase that sounded like a whitewash of F&DA practices. Newspapers throughout the country built their headlines on those wire service leads, and the real meaning of the NAS findings was lost to the vast majority of the American people. There were even suggestions, by implication, that Dr. Welch might be welcomed back to the good graces of science.

Actually, the NAS committee had no intention of approving the conduct of Dr. Welch. The ethics of the matter had been established in the hearing record of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly after *SR* had publicly raised the question of conflict of interest. Further discussion had been ruled out by NAS president Dr. Detlev Bronk in his letter of authority to the committee following Secretary Flemming's request for NAS intervention. Only the scientific values reflected in F&DA decisions in Dr. Welch's area of authority (antibiotics and through antibiotic control to new drugs) were to be considered. It was plain from the beginning that there would not be time for any exhaustive examination. A sample of twenty-nine of the thousands of applications for new drugs was taken, and even on those the records of F&DA alone were scrutinized. No outside witnesses who might have been critical were heard. The atmosphere was not an atmosphere of investigation of the sins of the past but of concentrated searching for guarantees of future rectitude. The purpose was to avoid any possible suspicion of partisan politics.

The politicians have responded by avoiding the scientists' findings in the 1960 Presidential election debate.

• • •

WHILE most people talk in vague confusion about the possibility of travelling to the Moon by the year 1970, a few men are working on plans for the first lunar flights as though 1970 were already here. One of this tiny company is Donald H. Robey, a design specialist in the Astronautics Division of General Dynamics at San Diego, California. In mid-October Robey told a U. S. Air Force symposium about some of the problems of building a spaceship hull that would be capable of surviving solar storms.

The Sun has been watched ever more closely in recent years, and is now known to put forth continually what has come to be called "the solar wind." This steady stream of particles is powerful enough to flatten the outermost loops of the Earth's magnetic field on the daylight side of the Earth, and to hold off (in a spherical shell of turbulence that probably stretches from the orbit of Mars to the orbit of Jupiter) the combined magnetic field of all the other stars in the Milky Way.

From time to time "the solar wind" convulses in a gust that lasts anywhere from a few minutes to eight hours. During the year 1959 there were, on the average, six of these gusts a day. Astronomers grade them in intensity much as terrestrial weathermen classify the severity of wind or rain, using a numerical code beginning with 1-minus and going up through 1 and 1-plus to 4.

No apparent relationship exists between the Class 4 solar storms and anything that can be seen on the Sun or heard by radio from the Sun before the storms occur. Such storms just happen, as earthquakes do, and are equally cataclysmic. Nuclear fragments of all the chemical elements up to and including iron suddenly shoot off into space. Some radiologists believe a single iron ion could knock a man out if it hit the right spot in his brain.

The worst Class 4 storm known to man, on 23 February 1956, lasted half an hour. Had a spaceship headed from Earth to Moon been caught in it, a hull of solid carbon almost seven feet thick would have been required to deliver the travellers unharmed. A hull like that would weigh 379 metric tons if it enclosed a spherical cabin only three feet across—far too heavy a load for present-day rockets to lift.

Solar storms of Class 4 are rare. Only five have been observed since the first was recorded at the close of February, 1942. In the early stages of space travel, at least, the possibility of their appearance will have to be risked.

It is the Class 3-plus storms that must be reckoned with. The particles they discharge are 85-100 per cent protons, the ions of hydrogen, lighter and less dangerous than iron ions but still lethal when encountered in showers at Earth's distance from the Sun.

Three such storms occurred during 1959, the worst, on 10 May, lasting more than four hours. A Moon-bound ship caught in it would have needed a seven-ton hull to guarantee the passengers' complete safety. That is still too much weight for today's rockets.

Now there was only one 3-plus storm for every seventeen weeks of the year 1959. And a trip from the Earth to the Moon and back would occupy only seven days. Hence any given Moon flight would have better than an even chance of missing 3-plus storms entirely.

The design of the spaceship hull here at last comes down to the human question: What is a reasonable radiation

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risk? Robey fixes on a total exposure of 50 rem per voyage. This is one-tenth of a fatal dose, enough to cause sickness for a few days or weeks and perhaps to prevent parenthood.

In a storm of the 3-plus class, less than a two-inch thickness of carbon would cut radiation reaching a spherical passenger cabin three feet in diameter to 47 rem. A narrow margin of safety would thus be left to cover lesser storms as well as passage through the Van Allen radiation belts surrounding the Earth. Can the protective layer of carbon be limited to the nose of the spaceship, as the heaviest steel cladding of an icebreaker is concentrated on the prow? No. One of the effects of the interstellar magnetic field is to bounce solar particles back and forth within the solar system. The particles would swarm upon the spaceship not only from the front but from the back and from all sides. So a complete sphere of shielding would be called for, and it would weigh somewhat more than one ton—which should be an easily manageable load for 1970.

Even lighter spacecraft may be possible if solar storms can be predicted or warning of their approach perfected.

Already it can be said with confidence that such storms will be scarce between 1964 and 1966 and plentiful between 1968 and 1970. For the cycle of solar activity is eleven years long, and the peak of the last cycle was 1958.

It is likewise established that the storms are coincident with solar flares, which occur in the wake of sunspots. Sunspots, 150 to 50,000 miles in diameter, usually last only a few days, but some have stayed as long as a year and a half. One spot has produced several hundred storms in a single revolution of the sun.

A spot that makes more than one revolution is almost sure to produce more storms. A majority of the storms occur, however, during the first third of the sunspot's life, and most storms fall between the eighth and fifteenth days.

Take-off times of Moon voyages could be regulated to take advantage of the foregoing knowledge. And while travellers were en route, experienced observers of the Sun could also exercise their acknowledged ability to say when a storm was going to occur. Since the clues on which the observers rely reach them at the speed of light and since the storm particles travel only at 0.6 to 0.8 of the speed of light, a warning system might make it possible to minimize the weight limitations by shielding only part of the space vehicle and burrowing radiation shelters within the shield for use only in event of storm warning.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

AFTER FREEDOM, WHAT?

AT A TIME when political issues in large areas of Africa are of universal concern, it is rather reassuring that representatives of nineteen new African states recently attended the International Scientific Conference in Israel. The conference, under the auspices of the Weizmann Institute, deliberated for two weeks on how science can best serve the developing new states in Asia and Africa. This in itself is welcome evidence of maturity on the part of an important segment of the leadership in Africa and Asia.

A table of priorities was set up by the new states, and it is significant that while they all acknowledged the need for economic help, they agreed that far more important are the training and educating of native scientists and technicians to cope with such problems as irrigation, agricultural cultivation, mental health, water resources in arid regions, and population problems.

The leaders of the new African states set forth their attitude toward modern science. Dr. S. E. Imoke, foreign minister of Eastern Nigeria, articulating the sentiments of his fellow African delegates, said: "We do not ask for the moon, nor for any trips to other planets; all we seek is guidance, assistance, and cooperation in our efforts to extract from the resources of our countries a more abundant life."

It is regrettable that the conference received only scant space in the American press. It was virtually blacked out by the Powers trial, American space triumphs, the Congo crisis, the Presidential election campaign, the Olympics, and other news stories which to the general reader are, of course, more interesting than a far from sensational conference on science for peace.

Nevertheless, the conference did focus attention on a fact which undoubtedly has a direct bearing on the present African situation: The leaders of the African states are realizing that political freedom alone does not automatically bring the benefits of better health and a more abundant life, an essential for the consolidation and development of a democratic way of life. They know that science and statesmanship are Siamese twins. One cannot survive without the other.

JOSEPH BRAININ,
American Committee for the Weizmann Institute of Science.

New York, N. Y.

BACK TO GENESIS

I HAVE BEEN admiring since your department's inception your consistent efforts to relate science and technology to the greater issues of the meaning of existence. Several articles have provoked my intense interest and admiration as well as occasional annoyance.

The annoyance stemmed not from the speculation or conclusions but from the frequent inference of the authors that they were upsetting something stiff and definite called "church doctrine." The article of September 3rd on the work of Cornell's Professor Thomas Gold is a good example. Professor Gold's work is called a "new translation of the Book of Genesis." The author adds that he doesn't call it that but "most people" (a blessed non-scientific reference) will think of it that way.

According to this uncredentialed pollster, "the version of Genesis that most of us know says the universe was created all at once at the beginning of time." (Once again that gloriously indefinite "most of us.") I'm afraid that "most of us" had better take a new look at the Bible. It's just not good writing, research, or science not to check sources on our references.

First, the two versions of the beginning of life in Genesis (Genesis 1.1 f and Genesis 2.4 f) have no rigid cosmological scheme. The Hebrew of Genesis 1.1 suggests a continuing rather than "one-shot" or "big-bang" creation. "In the beginning of God's creating the heavens and the earth" might be a good translation. The astronomy here is poor, but the cosmogony may be excellent. The picture is of this all-powerful Being as the beginning-point and continuing power of a continued process of creation.

Second, the ancient Hebrew was no scientist. Interested in giving a theological answer to the question of origins, he told a story. In fact, he borrowed elements of a number of stories that were finally edited into two somewhat inconsistent tales. However, from his point of view, they were profoundly true. With little trace of the Greek philosophical approach or modern scientific logic, the Bible makes an understandable pre-scientific myth of the question of the cosmos. We are at fault when we try to intrude our scientific approach into a non-scientific myth. We try to transform Genesis into something it was never meant to be and then pull our own creation to pieces.

Third, Professor Gold's interpreter states that he "doubts that there was any fixed point in time when the whole universe came into being." If time as we know it was created or at least has a beginning, then Professor Gold and the Bible can be on quite friendly terms. Both indicate belief in a continuing creation. The Bible calls the source of this process "God" and then expresses confidence that He not only makes history possible but works in it. If the scientific questions of length of time, sequence, and order are not imposed on the Bible, then it may be more "Whiteheadian" than Thomist.

Finally, is it necessary for our writers in fields of science to continually infer a slightly wicked coup against religion in writing on cosmogony, anthropology, and evolution? By and large, today's churchmen are as interested in all aspects and sources of truth as anyone. Church doctrine is often much more open and fluid than were the defenders of Newtonian physics. Conversation in the spirit of trust and mutual helpfulness would probably be of greater universal value than the suspicion aroused by subtle attack.

JOHN R. KELLY.

Burbank, Calif.

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THE NEW ISOLATIONISM

Our Anti-Intellectual Diplomacy

By GRAHAM DuSHANE

ONE of the most effective ways for scientists to exchange information and keep abreast of new developments is by way of scientific meetings. International scientific meetings are of especial importance and pose peculiar difficulties because of national policies that interfere with the free movement of scientists from one country to another. Foreign scientists sometimes have trouble getting visas to come to this country, and sometimes they find it impossible. This is one problem, but it is not the only one. Some of our scientists—government scientists—find themselves subject to a special ruling that limits their freedom to attend meetings abroad. This special limitation applies to international meetings that will be attended by scientists from countries not recognized diplomatically by the United States. Before a government scientist can attend such a meeting as a participant or at government expense, the State Department must be satisfied that no scientist from any nonrecognized country will be present. If any scientist from a nonrecognized country plans to attend the meeting, then our government scientists may not go unless they pay their own way. Even if they do pay their own way they may not deliver a paper at the meeting.

The State Department justification for the policy is this: If scientists employed by the government should attend meetings along with scientists from, for example, East Germany or Communist China, our policy of nonrecognition would be weakened. The supporting argument is that nonrecognized countries would make the propaganda claim that our scientists are government officials and that consequently their attendance at meetings with representatives from these countries constitutes *de facto* recognition.

Whatever the merit of the diplomatic issue, it ought to be weighed against the losses that the ruling entails. It is not the individual government scientist alone who loses; the agency that assigns him to attend the meeting is acting in the national interest, and that also suffers. Do we stand to lose more than we gain by our policy? In one way we clearly do. By the simple expedient of sending a representative to a meeting, a nonrecognized country can block the attendance of our government scientists. We thus allow our participation to be governed by these countries rather than by our own national interest.

Another objection to the argument in support of the policy is that even though the scientists in question do work for our government, they do not represent us diplomatically. Thus the presence of government scientists at a meeting of the kind being discussed cannot reasonably be construed—despite the State Department's apprehensions—as a step toward recognition. The International Council of Scientific Unions in 1958 passed a resolution affirming the right of scientists to participate in international scientific activity "without regard to race, religion, or political philosophy" and added that such participation "has no implications with respect to recognition of the government of the country or territory concerned." In April 1960 the Governing Board of the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council endorsed that resolution

The next step is up to State.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The above editorial from* Science, *journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is reproduced here as a source of geopolitical perspective. The shifting growth of the United Nations leaves little doubt that the real issue on Communist China is not whether Mao's regime will be recognized but when the recognition will be granted and under what circumstances. The present time ought to be a time of bridge building in preparation for the inevitable, or at least a time of surveying possible bridge sites. Among the best technicians available for the purpose are the scientists, whose explorations of nature necessarily ignore arbitrary boundaries. As editor DuShane points out, the potential bridge builders do not now enjoy free access to the American approaches to tomorrow. On the two following pages, excerpts from a newly-translated Russian book on Soviet science disclose the type of blueprints for enormous spans of space and time that have meanwhile emerged from the Communist dream.* ►

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Sovfoto.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Always in the direction of our dreams. This is a truth that seems to have been forgotten in America, but is vividly stamped in the modern Russian mind. The Soviets have, in fact, packaged their dreams for export, in a book titled "Russian Science in the 21st Century" and published in English translation by The McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. The book is unusual from the American point of view because, in the writing of it, two members of the editorial staff of* Komsomolskaya Pravda *consulted twenty-nine specialists of the Soviet Academy of Sciences about the future course of Russian history. Below, on this page, vast remakings of the face of the planet are foreseen by one of those scientists, Dmitri Ivanovich Scherbakov, a geographer distinguished for his knowledge of and experience in desert and mountain remotenesses.*

DMITRI IVANOVITCH SCHERBAKOV
(Soviet Academy of Sciences)

MANY people think that there are no parts of the earth left where man has not yet set foot, but this is far from the truth. In Africa and South America, not to mention the antarctic, many regions still remain unexplored. A few years ago an airman, Jim Angel, discovered in the interior of Venezuela a waterfall far higher than Niagara. Because of its remoteness, no geographer has yet set foot on the banks of this waterfall and the geologist's ax has not yet buried itself in the neighboring rocks.

There are a host of similar examples. In 1954, Australian airmen discovered regions in New Guinea populated by tribes which had no contact with any of their neighbors. These savage tribes were estimated to be about 100,000 strong, but no anthropologist has yet entered their huts and no philologist has been able to study their language.

But this is not the point. Let us assume that no single unexplored portion of the earth remains. Even then, a knowledge of the land mass is not everything because, as a whole, it forms only thirty per cent of the surface of the globe, while the rest is covered with water. Beneath the sea are great mountain ranges, such as the Lomonosoff Range. Knowing only a third of the surface area of our planet, we are not in a position to establish the general laws of its structure. The mapping and charting of the ocean bottom will be one of the gigantic tasks confronting scientists of the twenty-first century. This will not be of purely theoretical interest. Today we have succeeded in penetrating the bed of the Caspian Sea. There is no doubt that mining below the ocean bed and in the shallower seas will start in the near future. The first drilling operations will probably take place in the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. Then we shall continue in deeper waters and we shall certainly manage to extract minerals from depths down to 10,000 feet. Man, the lord of nature, will exploit all the riches of our planet wherever they are to be found.

Even greater prospects await the geologists, for they cannot possibly rest content with their present knowledge, which is limited to an elastic stratum of the earth's crust. As yet we have only bored down to 21,000 feet. If, from a geological point of view, we wish to know the whole surface of the earth in depth, this is like exploring the inside of an apple and stopping at the rind without reaching the core. Sound waves are still the only element that can provide us with information on the depths of the earth. So far we do not know whether the center of our planet has a fiery stellar temperature, a relatively low temperature of 1,000 or 2,000°, or whether on the contrary it is cold. In the twenty-first century it will be possible to bore down to 100,000 feet through the earth's crust, and this will certainly give us a better knowledge of its core. Geologists will be able to descend more deeply into the bowels of the earth to examine them with direct and efficient methods.

In this connection I wish to discuss a resource which today is little used but which in the future will be greatly exploited—the heat which comes from the center of the earth. The electric power station of Lardarello in Italy, the thermic establishment in Rekjavik, a few factories in Japan, the U.S.A., and in our own Kamchatka are today all consumers of mineral heat. But this great source of energy is universal. The volcanoes, geysers, and hot springs are only small fissures through which this heat leaks.

In the near future we shall certainly have to build electric geothermic stations in places where the heat is nearest the earth's surface, in regions where steam and hot water are ejected naturally from the active volcanoes and geysers —in Kamchatka, that is, and certain regions in the Caucasus and in Central Asia. But it is merely a question of descending deep enough, for the heat can be found anywhere. One of these geothermic stations could quite well be built in the neighborhood of Moscow.

The high-frequency geothermic station draws its power from the depths of the earth. Between 45,000 and 60,000 feet down, the drills enter the magma, compressed by the vast pressure of the upper strata. During the crystallization of the magma great quantities of incandescent gas and steam are released, which have an outlet through a tube as though they were being ejected from a volcano. But this modern volcano is subject to the will of man. The steam and gas are conveyed by tubes into separators, where the valuable elements are condensed and purified, harmful agents and steam being eliminated. In this way our geothermic station collects helium, hydrogen, magnesium, aluminum, calcium, sulphur, and many other substances for the needs of our economy.

Let us consider geography as a science. I believe that in the near future its character will change. From a purely descriptive science such as it is today it will become an applied science. The geographer of the future will be preoccupied in actively changing the structure of individual places and perhaps of entire continents. At present the study of the influence of warm ocean currents allows him to predict the climatic changes that would occur if the currents were diverted from their course. In all probability the geographer of the future will be able to divert not only marine currents but also winds. Then a moist climate will be created over the deserts and the wastelands will flourish. The perpetual cold and damp of Siberia, northern North America, and Greenland will be rendered milder. The geographer will become the creator of nature. ►

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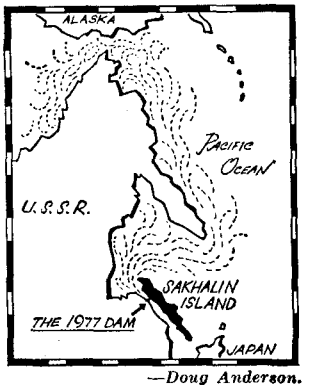
...rebuilding the continents

Taking Scherbakov's frontier of research as a jumping-off point, the editors and translators of "Russian Science in the 21st Century"—Sergei Gouschev and Mikhail Vassiliev—conjure a dream sequence in their book to dramatize the general possibilities of the future in a particular locale. The map to the right shows the area they chose, and the text of the page below relates the details of a project they see looking backward from the year 2007. A change in the climate of the whole Far East is involved. As other samples of "many plans . . . worked out on our drawing boards," the Russian prophets list a dam from Newfoundland to Labrador to "block the cold current which today freezes a vast region of the North American continent," another dam across the Straits of Gibraltar to "exploit the . . . fertile land at the bottom of the Mediterranean," and in the Sahara "a fresh-water lake that would influence the whole climate of Africa."



—Doug Anderson.

Siberian thaw for 1977?

AND NOW, in imagination, we heard a soft feminine voice announce on the loud-speaker of the Moscow plane: "Passengers for Sakhalin can use trains, cutters, or helicopters to reach various points on the island."

It was a bright July morning in the summer of 2007. Not a breath of wind. So we decided to take the cutter to visit the famous Sakhalin dam, unique in the world.

The idea of joining Sakhalin to the continent had long been under consideration. A plan was drawn up in the middle of the nineteenth century by Gennadii Ivanovich Nevelsky, who discovered this strait in the 1850s.

Nevelsky proposed to build a railway embankment across the water. But how was this to be used in winter when the strait was frozen?

It was next proposed to dig a tunnel. But this would have been too costly.

In 1951, the engineer Nikolai Georgievich Romanov visited the island. He was struck by the natural conditions of the place. To the north the island was bathed by the cold Sea of Okhotsk, to the south by the warm Yellow Sea. Along the northern shores there extended a tundra, or marshy swamp, with stunted trees. To the south the climate was warmer, and the island richer in vegetation.

The warm Kuro-Siwo current, which flowed to Sakhalin from the south, did not cross the Tartar Strait but turned off into the Pacific. There arose the possibility of forcing the current to enter the strait and thus warm not only the northern part of the island but also the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk, changing the coastal climate of the Far East.

In order to divert the current the Soviet scientist P. J. Koloskov proposed in 1931 to divide the waters of the Amur into two streams and to direct one of these toward the southern zone of the strait. In this way the warm water of the Amur would be driven from south to north across the strait.

It was a very ingenious plan, but would the warm current take the desired course?

Romanov, the engineer, stood on the shore of the strait watching the vast masses of water flowing northward and was struck with a brilliant idea. Later developed into a feasible plan from the engineering point of view, it was carried out in 1977 . . .

We entered the narrowest part of the Tartar Strait, called Nevelsky. Here the distance between the island and the mainland is nearly three miles. We saw a low dam uniting the two shores, stretching from Cape Lazarev, on the mainland, to Cape Pogibi, on the island. With the strait barred in this way, how could ships pass? The pilot of our cutter, an old salt, looked on his radar screen and said:

"The water in this channel is not very deep, only two fathoms. In the middle of the strait, in the approach channel, the depth is five to seven fathoms. Have a look through these glasses."

The high tide was imminent. Through our binoculars we could see clearly, in the center of the three-mile-long dam, a steel lock-gate three hundred feet wide beginning to open. This gate was erected on pontoons and served as a drawbridge. Our cutter had almost reached the embankment. "Stop engines," ordered the pilot. Then, turning to us, he added: "Now we will follow the stream."

The current of the high tide took possession of our little craft and drove it rapidly toward the lock-gate. None of us were sailors but we realized that the current was running from three to four yards per second.

"In twenty-four hours," said the pilot, "there are two high tides. Every six hours, at the turn, the water of the strait flows in the opposite direction. Through the gate in a northerly direction three cubic kilometers of water pass in twenty-four hours—four times more than the Volga, Don, and Dneiper flow combined.

"Before the dam was built this warm water flowed back with the low tide. Now, at the beginning of the ebb tide, this lock closes automatically. The warm water remains on the other side of the dyke.

"The Sakhalin dam is a valve which empties the Yellow Sea into the Sea of Okhotsk by the power of the sun and the moon.

"This pump has been working for thirty years. I remember when they started to build it in 1970.

"Until 1970 people crossed the Nevelsky Strait in winter on foot. The ice was three feet thick. In those days ships from Vladivostok to the Sea of Okhotsk had to make a long detour, to turn south and then to put about and coast along the whole of Japan. Now we have our own interior route.

"I remember that on the navigation charts there was a red line, the January isotherm. That was where the ice began. We used to call it 'isotherm minus 10.' It rounded Sakhalin. Now it does not reach Sakhalin. It has been transposed perhaps to Anadyr or to Chukotsk. In the last thirty years the average annual temperature on the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk has risen by 10°."

"Haven't the Japanese lost a lot by this transformation of the Kuro-Siwo?" we asked the pilot.

"On the contrary!" he exclaimed, "The only people who are upset are those that love skiing. There has been no snow on their islands for fifteen years! The climate has improved and become more constant."

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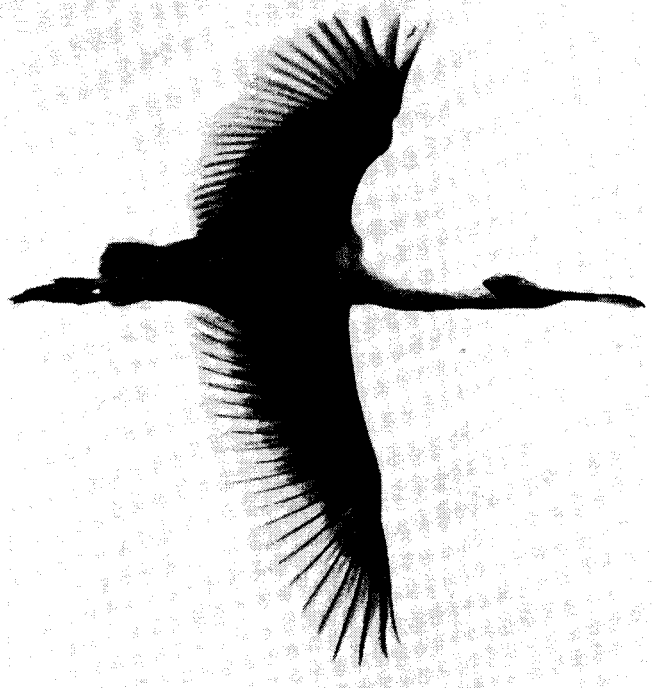
SCIENCE IN BOOKS



ONLY THEY CAN REALLY FLY

—*Allan Cruickshank—National Audubon Society.*

A soaring spoonbill demonstrates the truth that only the birds have evolved to fully explore the sky.

APART from bats, birds are the only living vertebrates that can really fly properly. The bones in the wing of a bird have evolved from the same bones as the front legs of mammals and reptiles, but the wing-bones have been much modified to anchor the large flight-feathers, called primaries and secondaries.

Most birds have ten primaries, which are attached to what corresponds to the hand of mammals. In various passerines the outermost primary is reduced, while grebes and flamingos and some other birds have eleven or twelve. The number of secondaries, which are attached to the ulna (one of the bones of the forearm), is more variable. Hummingbirds and European swifts have only about six, the pelican and some petrels about twenty. Birds also have the remains of a thumb, which is moveable and bears a few feathers. This thumb, which is sometimes called the alula or bastard wing, plays an important part in the flight of certain birds. The relative length of the bones in the wing varies with the way the bird flies.

All the many kinds of bird flight rely on the principle familiar to every little boy who has put his hand out of the window of a moving car: that a flat surface inclined slightly upward to a current of air will be pushed upwards, or, in other words, is able to support a weight. The slower the speed of the air relative to the wing, the less weight can be supported. For a bird to support itself in the air, it is not enough that it spread its wings sideways; it must also arrange to pass through the air fast enough to get the necessary lift to balance its weight. If it does not move fast enough, the wing will not give any lift, and we say that it "stalls."

There are various ways a bird can get the necessary forward speed; the simplest is by gliding slightly downward. The downward angle depends greatly on the efficiency of the wing in giving lift; birds' wings have evolved many beautiful adaptations, such as their downward concave shape, which improve these lifting properties and so reduce the downward angle of glide necessary for flight. Gliding in still air always means a loss of height, which in turn means that the bird must have some way of gaining height again.

If the air in which the bird is gliding is itself rising, as does warm air or wind deflected upward from a hill or a wave, this movement may carry the bird upward faster than it loses height by gliding; and the net result will be a gain. Birds can also gain height by using the difference between the wind velocity higher up and the velocity close to the surface of the ground or water, where it is slowed down by friction. However it is done, the ability to glide without loss of height is called soaring. Many birds are past masters at it. Some of them, like the vultures and eagles, go in for very broad wings and fly relatively slowly; while others like the albatross fly fast and have long narrow wings. Each of these two kinds allows a great distance to be covered with the expenditure of very little energy, as the birds do not have to flap their wings.

THE majority of birds fly in less open places where they cannot rely on upcurrents and the like; instead of gliding downward to get the necessary speed, these birds flap their wings. In flapping-flight most birds use the inner and outer parts of their wings for such different purposes that we can consider them separately. Essentially, the inner part, with the secondaries, is used like the whole wing of a gliding bird—as a lifting surface held obliquely to the air-flow. Although this part is moved when the wings flap, the movement is not an important part of the working of a flapping wing; to make explanations easier, it can be regarded as working like the wing of an airplane, which provides only a lifting surface. The propellers of an airplane

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provide the speed necessary for the wings to work; and the outer part of a bird's wing, the primary feathers, functions in a very similar way; it beats up and down, twisting at the end of each stroke, so that with each downbeat the bird is pressed forwards.

THIS simplified picture gives the basic idea of normal flapping flight, but it glosses over the elegant engineering achievements of the wings of certain birds—to say nothing of such complications as how the different parts of the wing are held at the correct angle to the air-flow at the different stages of the wing-beat. Furthermore, the nature of the wing-flap changes drastically when a bird is hovering or alighting or taking off.

The hummingbird also flaps its wings, but they work in a totally different way—more like a helicopter continually driving air downward to support its weight. The wings beat more or less horizontally, and the air is driven downward in the fore-stroke by the lower surface of the wings, in the back-stroke by the upper. While the principle of this kind of flight is easier to understand than that of the pigeon, it is hard to believe that some of these little birds manage to move their wings to and fro sixty times a second. A hummingbird can fly backward, which no other bird can do, although insects can.

The different shapes of wings have different kinds of advantages, and there is no simple answer to the question which bird flies best; it all depends what the bird wants to do. Rapid fliers, which have to cover great distances, have long, narrow, pointed wings, whether they are soarers like the albatross or beat their wings like the plovers or the ducks.

Broad-winged birds fly more slowly, and their wings continue to work even when they are traveling at very slow speeds and would otherwise stall. The primary feathers of wing-tips stand out separately from one another and are often tapered to increase this effect. The bastard wing also helps to keep a smooth flow of air over the wing and prevent stalling.

All birds that fly, of course, are able to some extent both to flap their wings and to soar, or at least glide. Some, like the peregrine falcon, normally fly by alternately beating their wings and then gliding. Others, like the woodpeckers, wagtails, and many finches, have an undulating flight: they mount for a few moments as they flap their wings, and then with wings folded let their momentum carry them like a bolt in a falling arc.

So far, we have considered only straight flight. A bird may also need to maneuver among thick foliage, whether to avoid pursuit or to pursue. Watch a European jay fly deftly in and out among the branches of a tree, or a European sparrowhawk as he falls with lightning speed on a flying prey or with equal suddenness brakes when the little bird dives into a thornbrush.

Soaring birds usually have a much larger wing-area, relative to their weight, than flapping birds, but size alone has an effect even in birds that fly the same way. Small wings are in fact less efficient than larger ones of the same shape, so that smaller birds must have relatively larger wings if they are to use the same kind of flight as larger birds. When geese and gulls fold their wings, the tips of the longest feathers project farther beyond the tail in the smaller species than in their larger relatives; this shows that the smaller birds have a relatively larger wing-area.

Birds that have to beat their wings all the time they are flying have large breast-muscles, which are attached to a long, deep keel of the breastbone. Soaring birds with large wings do not need such large muscles, but depend more on their bones and tendons to save their strength. Such birds have a breastbone "wishbone" and the large coracoid bones of the shoulder girdle forming a single framework, to which the relatively small muscles are attached rather far forward.

The speed of a bird relative to the surrounding air has been measured in many species, although without instruments it is easy to overestimate. Most smallish birds seem to fly between twenty and forty mph, larger ones frequently up to fifty mph. A few top speeds for horizontal flight may be mentioned: the mallard, the golden plover, a hummingbird, and the common swift have been recorded at around sixty mph, a teal at seventy-four mph, and an American swift (Chaetura) at eighty-nine mph. In a dive, of course, a bird may travel considerably faster than in level flight, and it may also be able to put on a spurt when it is pursued. A European cormorant trying to escape an airplane was clocked at sixty-five mph, but a wild goose that was being pursued in the same way could not do more than fifty-six mph.

THE length of time birds fly on long migrations is very different from species to species. It seems that many birds travel as little as seventy-five miles a day if there is suitable country for them to rest in. Golden plovers, however, breed in Alaska and have to fly across 2000 miles of open sea, with no stopping places to rest and feed, before they come to the fringe of their wintering area on islands in the southwestern Pacific. The arctic tern twice a year travels 11000 miles, from the arctic to the antarctic; of course, the tern takes its time about it, fishing as it goes. Wilson's petrel reverses the procedure, breeding in the southern hemisphere and wintering in the north.

—OSKAR AND KATHARINA HEINROTH
in "The Birds"
(The University of Michigan Press,
© The University of Michigan $1.95)

—G. Ronald Austing—National Audubon Society.

The bluebird above is making use of the propeller effect of its outer wing feathers.

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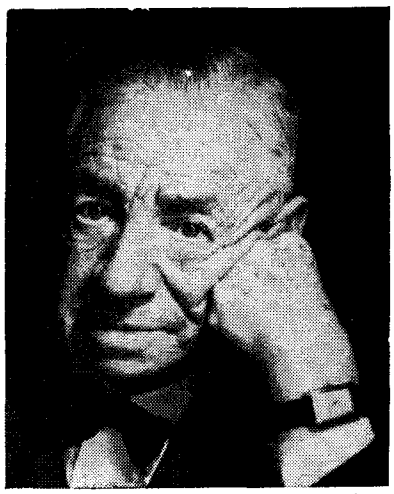
PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LVI



—*Perspectives.*

THE NIGHT PROWLER OF NOBEL'S LAURELS

Dr. Otto Loewi Took the Prize With an Experimental Idea That Stole into His Unconscious while He Slept

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The eighty-seven years of Dr. Otto Loewi, of New York University College of Medicine's Department of Pharmacology, have so overflowed with devotions to art, literature, music, mountain climbing, human fellowship and the science of biology that only a book could tell his adventures since his birth in Frankfurt am Main. However, what really matters about a great scientist (or any other personal embodiment of greatness) is the architecture of his simplicity. And Dr. Loewi reveals that pattern of himself in an autobiographical sketch in the autumn 1960 issue of* Perspectives in Biology and Medicine. *From it is taken the following brief description of the experiment that led him to the 1936 Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine.*

THE best known of my scientific achievement was the establishment in 1921 of the chemical theory of the transmission of the nervous impulse. Until 1921 it was generally assumed that transmission was due to the direct spreading of the electrical wave accompanying the propagated nervous impulse from the nerve terminal to the effector organ. Since the character of that potential is everywhere the same, such an assumption would not explain the well-known fact that the stimulation of certain nerves increases the function of one organ and decreases the function of another. A different mode of transmission had, therefore, to be considered.

As far back as 1903, I had discussed with Walter M. Fletcher from Cambridge, England, then an associate in Marburg, the fact that certain drugs mimic the augmentary as well as the inhibitory effects of the stimulation of sympathetic and/or parasympathetic nerves on their effector organs. During this discussion, the idea occurred to me that the terminals of those nerves might contain chemicals, that stimulation might liberate them from the nerve terminals, and that these chemicals might in turn transmit the nervous impulse to their respective effector organs. At that time I did not see a way to prove the correctness of this hunch, and it entirely slipped my conscious memory until it emerged again in 1920.

The night before Easter Sunday of that year, I awoke, turned on the light, and jotted down a few notes on a tiny slip of thin paper. Then I fell asleep again. It occurred to me at six o'clock in the morning that during the night I had written down something most important, but I was unable to decipher the scrawl. The next night, at three o'clock, the idea returned. It was the design of an experiment to determine whether or not the hypothesis of chemical transmission that I had uttered seventeen years ago was correct. I got up immediately, went to the laboratory, and performed a simple experiment on a frog heart according to the nocturnal design. I have to describe briefly this experiment since its results became the foundation of the theory of chemical transmission of the nervous impulse.

The hearts of two frogs were isolated, the first with its nerves, the second without. Both hearts were attached to Straub canulas [laboratory tubes] filled with a little Ringer solution [a mixture of salts resembling blood plasma]. The vagus nerve [which regulates the heartbeat] of the first heart was stimulated for a few minutes. Then the Ringer solution that had been in the first heart during the stimulation of the vagus was transferred to the second heart. The second heart slowed and its beats diminished just as if its vagus had been stimulated. Similarly, when the accelerator nerve was stimulated and the Ringer from this period transferred, the second heart speeded up and its beats increased. These results unequivocally proved that the nerves do not influence the heart directly but liberate from their terminals specific chemical substances which, in their turn, cause the well-known modifications of the function of the heart characteristic of the stimulation of its nerves.

The story of this discovery shows that an idea may sleep for decades in the unconscious mind and then suddenly return. Further, it indicates that we should sometimes trust a sudden intuition without too much skepticism. If I had carefully considered it in the daytime, I would undoubtedly have rejected the kind of experiment I performed. It would have seemed likely that any transmitting agent released by a nervous impulse would be in an amount just sufficient to influence the effector organ. It would seem improbable that an excess that could be detected would escape into the fluid which filled the heart. It was good fortune that at the moment of the hunch I did not think but acted.

For many years this nocturnal emergence of the design of the crucial experiment to check the validity of a hypothesis uttered seventeen years before was a complete mystery. My interest in that problem was revived about five years ago by a discussion with the late Ernest Kris, a leading psychoanalyst. A short time later I had to write my bibliography, and glanced over all the papers published from my laboratory. I came across two studies made about two years before the arrival of the nocturnal design in which, also in search of a substance given off from the heart, I had applied the technique used in 1920. This experience, in my opinion, was an essential preparation for the idea of the finished design. In fact, the nocturnal concept represented a sudden association of the hypothesis of 1903 with the method tested not long before in other experiments. Most so-called "intuitive" discoveries are such associations suddenly made in the unconscious. —OTTO LOEWI, M.D.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1389

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Victorian child hero whose best friends were wolves.

B. Posture unconsciously expressive or intentionally assumed.

C. C.G.S. units of fluidity (each the reciprocal of the poise).

D. Science in which the devotee digs even more than does the archeologist.

E. What Bunthorne exemplifies in "Patience" (G and S).

F. The seamstress might perform this additional task, as the Pied Piper's river flowing backward.

G. The element in a literary work treating of morals or character.

H. Followed by Word L, novel by Jane Porter, 1803, about division of Poland.

I. Object supposed to possess magical power asso. with medicine men, voodoo, etc.

J. The expounder of the "philosophy of clothes" in "Sartor Resartus."

K. Describing a form of speed walking (comp.).

L. See Word H (2 wds.).

M. Somewhat formal answer.

WORDS

90 132 92 211 65 152

203 24 7 189 83 126 136 89

143 109 133 76

97 104 116 17 170 79 48

5 64 23 12 98 28 80 137

29 161 71 26 169

199 84 106 192 63

144 198 110 184 200 36 171 153

149 156 6 164 123 188

154 168 117 141 14 172 190 22 160 56 202 194 2

174 159 9 125 186 21 173 99 205 166

124 34 187 93 118 33 175 150

39 3 73 163 91

DEFINITIONS

N. Specifying a device usually necessary in taking an indoor snapshot.

O. What a man is to his uncle.

P. Substance of the "black notes" (2 wds.).

Q. The "Mister" we are admonished not to mess with, in recent popular song (comp.).

R. In a manner to cause mirth.

S. Followed by Word U, the first play of Edward Sheldon, in which Mrs. Fiske starred.

T. Where "we were sailing along" in the moonlight (3 wds.).

U. See Word S.

V. To beg for.

W. Spherical little man in a song of a dozen years ago (comp.).

X. "A mighty man is he."

Y. What it is sad to be down in.

Z. How Stevenson appeared when "valiant" to W. E. Henley (2 wds.).

Z1. Keyboard instrument whose tone is produced by strings against a rosined rubber cylinder which revolves.

Z2. Like barking.

WORDS

74 81 101 42 102 206 57 162 147 13

196 112 38 60 107 180

35 49 179 88 130 18 67 208 119

181 138 191 58 127 158 61 87 103

37 121 72 27 145 20 4 155 43

55 45 207 111 16 178 146 113 32

142 131 182 85 120 122 10 204

78 201 8 129

53 44 105 128 68 51

15 77 176 95 69 108 114 135 66 40

94 62 148 100 25

30 75 50 11 183

96 54 134 177 47 165 86 1

41 140 197 157 82 115 167 193 185 46 195 210

151 70 19 31 139 59 209 52

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 Z	2 J	3 M		4 R	5 E	6 I	7 B	8 U	9 K		10 T
11 Y		12 E	13 N	14 J		15 W	16 S	17 D	18 P	19 Z²	20 R	21 K	22 J	23 E		24 B	25 X
26 F		27 R	28 E	29 F	30 Y	31 Z²	32 S	33 L		34 L	35 P	36 H	37 R		38 O	39 M	40 W
41 Z¹	42 N	43 R		44 V	45 S	46 Z¹	47 Z	48 D		49 P	50 Y	51 V		52 Z²	53 V	54 Z	55 S
56 J	57 N	58 Q		59 Z²	60 O	61 Q	62 X	63 G	64 E	65 A	66 W	67 P	68 V		69 W	70 Z²	
71 F	72 R	73 M	74 N	75 Y	76 C	77 W	78 U	79 D		80 E	81 N	82 Z¹	83 B		84 G	85 T	86 Z
	87 Q	88 P	89 B	90 A	91 M		92 A	93 L	94 X		95 W	96 Z	97 D	98 E	99 K		100 X
101 N		102 N	103 Q	104 D		105 V	106 G	107 O	108 W		109 C	110 H	111 S	112 O		113 S	114 W
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145 R	146 S	147 N		148 X	149 I		150 L	151 Z²	152 A	153 H	154 J	155 R	156 I	157 Z¹		158 Q	159 K
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Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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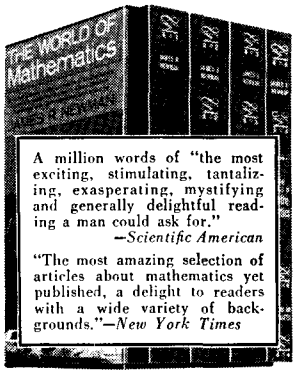
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